

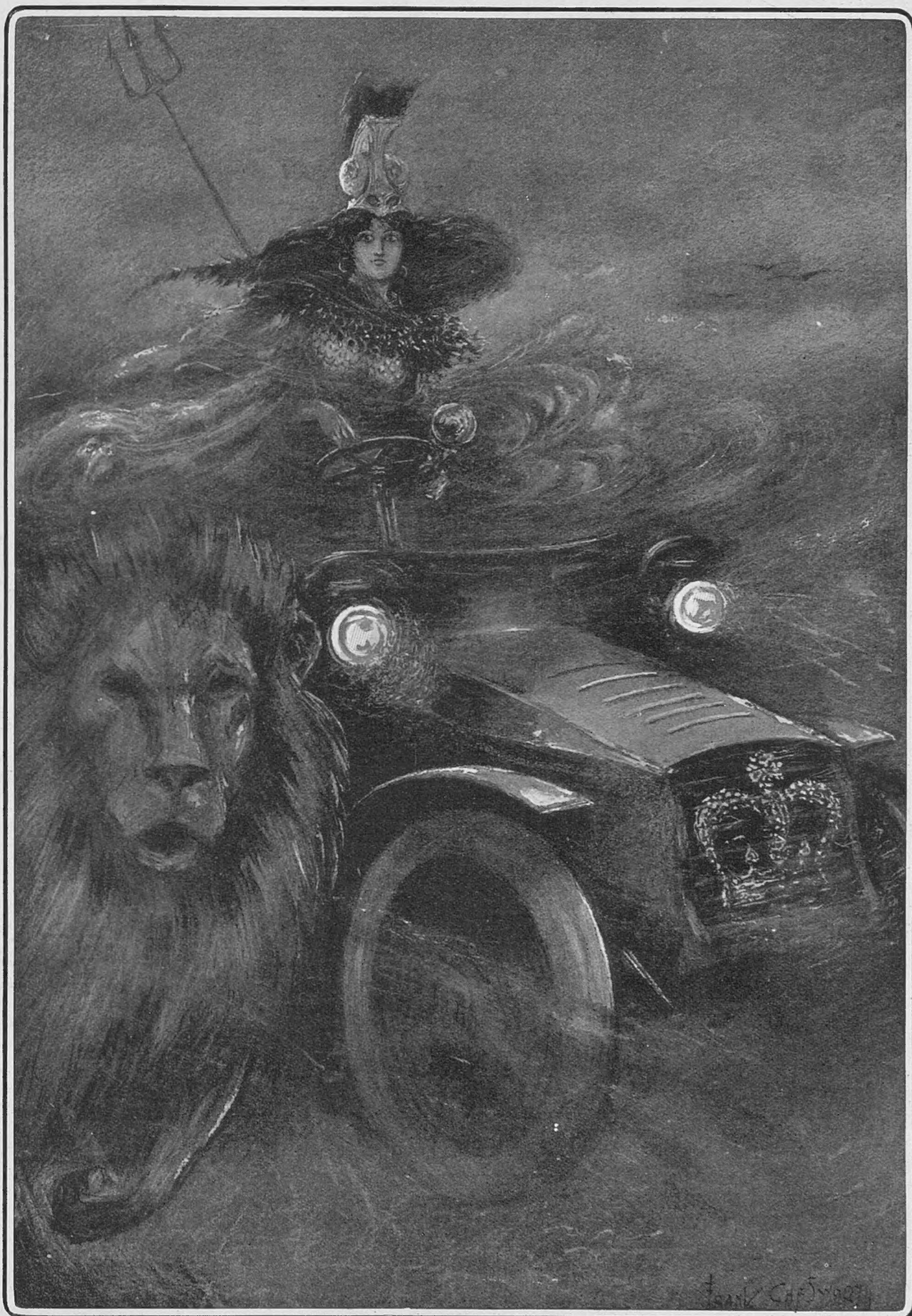
The Sketch



No. 544.—VOL. XLII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1903.

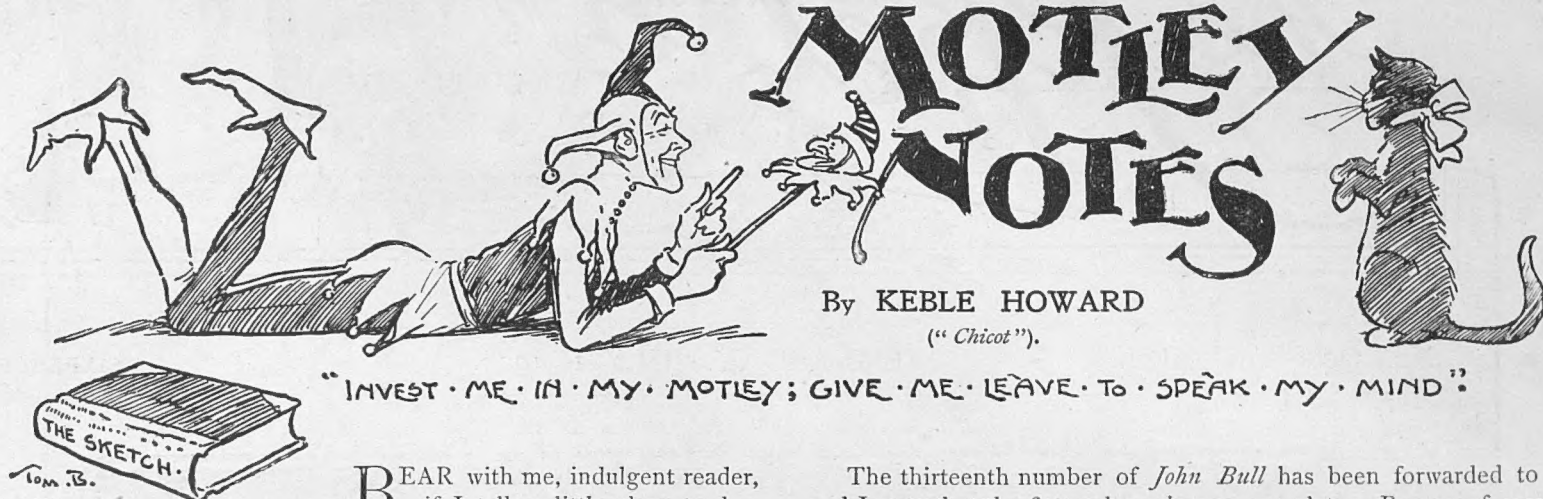
SIXPENCE.



[Drawn by Frank Chesworth.]

“ROLL, BRITANNIA!”

“THE SKETCH” MOTTO FOR THE GORDON BENNETT RACE.



BEAR with me, indulgent reader, if I talk a little shop to-day. I make this apology, by the way, more as a concession to a stupid convention than for the reason that I feel any shame of talking shop. For my own part, I would far rather converse with an actor on theatrical matters than on politics, and I am sure Mr. Lloyd-George would be more interesting on the subject of the Colonial Secretary than the art of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Without further preface, then, let me call your attention to the graceful compliment that has been paid to *The Sketch* by our leading Public School. On page 376 of this issue you will find, reproduced in facsimile, the title-heading of a journal called the *Eton Sketch*. This new publication is edited by three present Etonians, and is made up of illustrated interviews, humorous drawings, verses, and miscellaneous—or motley?—notes. True, there are only ten pages of editorial matter, but I congratulate the “Three Present Etonians” on the excellence of those pages. I have had some little experience of running school-journals, and I know what heart-burnings and bitternesses must have fallen to the lot of the noble three in connection with the initial numbers of their publication. But let them keep a light heart and a light paper: then shall the London *Sketch* be justified of her namesake.

There will also be found in this issue a reproduction of the title-page of a new and original publication that has been accorded by its modest founders the name of *Piffle*. This journal is art-edited by one who has often contributed to the gaiety of these pages, namely, Mr. Frank Reynolds. I venture to extract the following remarks from the introductory preface: “The art editor is a genius, and his work is bound to meet with your approval, and give you some pleasure; but the editor of the literary portion is a man of no importance. . . . In tone we shall be very personal and flippant, and not at all remarkable for veracity.” Apart from the candour of the title and the preface, there are one or two other features that are peculiar, so far as I know, to this paper. For example, there are no advertisements in the journal, neither has it a price. Again, only one copy of each number is printed—a merciful limitation that one would like to see applied to a good deal of journalistic piffle that really is piffle. For the rest, I ought to mention that this particular *Piffle*—which is not piffle at all, but very good fooling—is the quasi-official journal of the Shepherd’s Bush Cricket Club.

Our actresses, especially the young and pretty ones, have every reason to be grateful to the Biograph Company. For twelve months or more these kind gentlemen have been taking single portraits of “Footlight Favourites” gracefully reclining in gorgeously upholstered motor-cars; now the same firm has gone one better by organising a theatrical ladies’ motor-meet and photographing the whole lot, if I may use such an expression, in a bunch. At the luncheon-party which succeeded this artistic orgie, the spoilt young people had the privilege of meeting no less a personage than Signor Marconi. There must have been, I presume, some especial reason for inviting Signor Marconi to join the gathering; at the same time, I don’t quite see why the rest of us should have been passed over in this marked manner. Anyhow, I am sure that the distinguished inventor enjoyed himself very much, and I rejoice to read, in the *Daily Telegraph*, that “the return journey was pleasantly free from official restrictions, each driver suiting his own convenience and choosing his own route.” The same journal, with the elephantine slyness which sometimes distinguishes its attempts at humour, goes on to inform its readers that “The alluring back-ways of the Surrey lanes were explored by the great majority.” Oh, fie! I wonder what the *Sporting Times*, an unflagging censor of the London Press, will say to that!

The thirteenth number of *John Bull* has been forwarded to me, and I note that the first volume is now complete. By way of marking the historic fact, Mr. Harry Furniss has drawn a picture of John Bull, with face aglow, executing a Russian dance in front of a Proclamation signed “Edward VII.” The preface to Vol. I. congratulates Mr. Arthur William A’Beckett, the editor of the paper, upon his success, and concludes with a fervent prayer for His Majesty the King. The double-page cartoon, also by Mr. Harry Furniss, shows His Majesty the King in Field-Marshal’s uniform, and the indefatigable John Bull flapping at the Royal plumes with a handkerchief. Then we have a “Society Silhouette,” in which His Majesty the King is seen riding upon horseback. Finally, we have a poem in honour of the Coronation. I take the liberty of quoting the first stanza—

League long our garland glowed,
Flags flashed, o’er every road,
Gay welcoming;
While, to our proud acclaim,
Monarchs of purest fame
Still to thy crowning came,
Edward our King.

Amid such a feast of loyalty, Max Beerbohm’s kind caricature of his brother naturally falls a little flat.

If you are feeling rather dispirited, if your teeth are aching and your domestic affairs have gone a little awry, if your shares are dropping or your daughter has eloped with a policeman, I should strongly advise you to go and see “The Joy of Living,” at the New Theatre. Sit out the five Acts; enter deeply into the sufferings, mental and physical, of the heroine; try and realise what it means to live because you are dead; then go home and prepare to take a more cheerful view of your own puny troubles for ever afterwards. The audience on Wednesday night, I am afraid, failed to benefit to the full extent by the true lesson of the play. I heard people saying that they were bored, that Mrs. Patrick Campbell’s realistic imitation of a woman undergoing terrible internal pains got on their nerves; that Mr. Martin Harvey, with his white face and his gloomy tones, gave them—for even first-nighters sometimes speak vulgarly—the hump. The fault, of course, lay entirely with themselves. They failed to appreciate the cheery philosophy of the play. They refused to recognise the great truth that the joy of living consists in seeing others suffer. Small wonder that they were bored! As for the Hooligans, they became so dejected by the fall of the final curtain that they behaved, for once in a way, quite like respectable people.

It is with deep regret that I have to chronicle the death of H. J. Pugh, the Paris Correspondent of the *Referee* and *The Sketch*. For some time past, his friends had known that he was in a precarious state of health, but few of us, I imagine, had realised that the end was so near. The sad news was conveyed to *The Sketch* by Mr. Clifford Millage, the well-known and greatly respected Paris representative of the *Daily Chronicle*. Among his fellow-journalists, Pugh was admired for his cleverness and loved for his simple integrity. Though he seldom visited London, he was a Britisher to the backbone, and never lost an opportunity, either in his writings or in his private life, of vindicating the rights of his Mother Country. It was under his guidance that I explored and ransacked Paris for the first time, and no man could have wished for a wittier guide or a more delightful companion. In those little haunts where Bohemian Englishmen foregather, poor Pugh will be truly and sincerely mourned.

I may, perhaps, be allowed to announce that, for the future, the Paris notes in *The Sketch* will be from the pen of Mr. John Raphael, the representative in that city of the *Daily Mail*.

THE RECENT FLOODS: SOME STRIKING EFFECTS.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")



A PICNIC ON CHERTSEY MEADS, NEAR SHEPPERTON (SUNDAY, JUNE 21).

Photograph by W. Bates, Chertsey.



A HOUSE AND GARDEN AT HENLEY-ON-THAMES. (N.B.—THE RIVER IS NOT INCLUDED IN THIS VIEW.)

THE CLUBMAN.

The Birthday Honours—Last of the "Ragging" Case—Drowned-out Clubs.

THE promotion of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to the rank of Vice-Admiral is not only a compliment paid to him by the King, it is a step in his chosen profession given to a very keen sailor. The Birthday Honours list contained no surprises, but some names the omission of which from previous lists have been commented

on are now included. The late Lord Armstrong's Peerage is revived in favour of his nephew, and journalism is honoured in the raising to the Peerage of Sir Edward Lawson. Sir Ralph Knox, an ex-Under-Secretary of State for War, gets a baronetcy, and so does Major Rasch, one of the most keen critics of the War Office and its officials. The Lord Mayor can now put the red hand on his escutcheon. Colonel Henry Montagu Hozier, who has been decorated for his services in connection with the Auxiliary Forces, is the popular Secretary to Lloyd's.



THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS: SIR EDWARD LAWSON, PROPRIETOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH," WHO HAS BEEN RAISED TO THE PEERAGE.
Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

The verdict in the "ragging" case has been productive of hot argument in Clubland, and, amongst other things, I have heard it repeatedly said that the Court-Martial should have adjourned until the important witness for the prosecution who was in South Africa and was unwilling to leave his business there could be brought to England. The question of adjournment did not lie with the President and members of the Court-Martial, but with the officer who ordered the Court to assemble. Lord Roberts, who certainly cannot be accused of any sympathy with "ragging" and those who "rag," and has stated his intention of stamping out this "disgusting" practice, in which intention he has the sympathy of the Army as well as of civilians with him. What people who are not students of military law do not know is how useless such an adjournment would have been. A civilian witness required to give evidence before a Court-Martial may be tendered his "expenses," and, if he still declines to appear, the President of the Court-Martial can do no more than report the matter to the Civil Court having power to punish witnesses for non-attendance nearest to the place at which the recalcitrant witness lives. The Civil Court can then have the witness brought before it and punish him. All this would not have assisted the Crown Prosecutor if the Court had adjourned. I hope that we have now heard the last of this "ragging" case, and that the practice, which is worthy only of schoolboys, even when it is not cowardly, will disappear. The officers concerned in the Mount Nelson affair have been tried for one of the most serious military crimes to be found in the Army Act, a crime for which cashiering is the only punishment. A Court-Martial of their fellow officers have acquitted them of this heavy charge. Some of the prisoners whose swords have been returned to them have already done gallant service in the field, and it will be by worthily serving His Majesty and not by behaving as troublesome schoolboys that these officers, who have narrowly escaped ruining their careers by pranks which at the best were idiotic, will regain the respect of their own Service.

There are outcries from the hotel-proprietors and boat-owners of the Thames-side over the drenching with which our Midsummer was

christened, but no one seems to consider the loss which the open-air Clubs in the suburbs must have sustained. The proprietors of Ranelagh must have lost thousands of pounds during the ten days of the downpour, for the King twice announced his intention of going to Barn Elms and twice had to abandon the drive, and the vouchers for entrance for which all members had been besieged were unused, and the catering orders had, as far as possible, to be cancelled.

The concert given by Madame Lori Recoschewitz-Wilson on June 25 at Steinway Hall afforded yet another proof of the success which she attains in the training of her pupils. The programme was contributed to by three distinguished amateurs who have studied under Madame Recoschewitz-Wilson. Of these, Mrs. Melvill Simons, who possesses a delightful mezzo-soprano voice, sang with exquisite taste and finish "Connais tu le pays," from the "Mignon" of Ambroise Thomas, which evoked an enthusiastic encore, Spohr's "Chant du Papillon," and Delmet's "Vous êtes jolie." Miss Buckston Browne and Miss Lina Verdi also proved the success of Madame Recoschewitz-Wilson's method. Miss Marie Wilson, daughter of the giver of the concert, though only fourteen, gave evidence of extraordinary talent in the Jewel Song from "Faust," for which she received an ovation. Madame Recoschewitz-Wilson also sang brilliantly. Mr. Arthur Wellesley recited, Madame Adelina de Lara, the pianist, played exquisitely, Mr. Ernest du Domaine acquitted himself with his usual skill on the violin, and Mr. Reginald Clarke was a sympathetic accompanist.

The illustration on this page will give some idea of a military studio on Levée day. At the last Levée, Messrs. Bassano passed no fewer than fifty officers through their hands; needless to say, many of them had to wait two or three hours before their turn came. The time, however, was pleasantly passed. The beautifully appointed salon, with its colour-note of green, formed an appropriate setting to the scarlet of His Majesty's forces. The *ensemble* might have been a set-piece from a military drama.



[Drawn by A. J. Gough.]

THE LAST LEVÉE OF THE SEASON: OFFICERS IN THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S SALON.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY'S NEW PREMISES.

THE new Head Office buildings of the Royal Insurance Company, Liverpool, some illustrations of which are given herewith, occupy a commanding position at the corner of North John Street and Dale Street, close to the Town Hall and Exchange, and in the heart of the commercial district.

The exterior, as will be realised from our illustration, is handsome and imposing. The sub-structure is of grey Aberdeen granite, and the upper portion of white Portland stone. The gable facing Dale Street rises 110 feet above the pavement. A prominent feature of the building is the tower, 150 feet high, placed over the main entrance in North John Street. The tower is surmounted by a dome of concrete sheathed with gilded copper, which is visible miles away and is a prominent object viewing the city from the River Mersey. Over the main entrance is an imposing piece of sculpture, and the exterior is otherwise enriched by several sculptured panels.

The building, rectangular in shape, is about 220 feet long by 52 feet wide, and the internal dimensions of the General Office on the ground-floor, of which we give an illustration, are: length, 194 feet; width, 48 feet, and height, 21 feet. A noticeable and somewhat unique feature of this immense apartment is that the iron and masonry columns usually conspicuous in a room of these dimensions are entirely absent. This has been achieved by a novel principle of steel construction, the first and second floors being slung from girders which are placed on the third-floor and rest on steel stanchions built into the exterior walls.

The Board Room is a large apartment on the first-floor, 44 ft. long, 24 ft. 6 in. wide, and 27 ft. 6 in. high. The walls are panelled

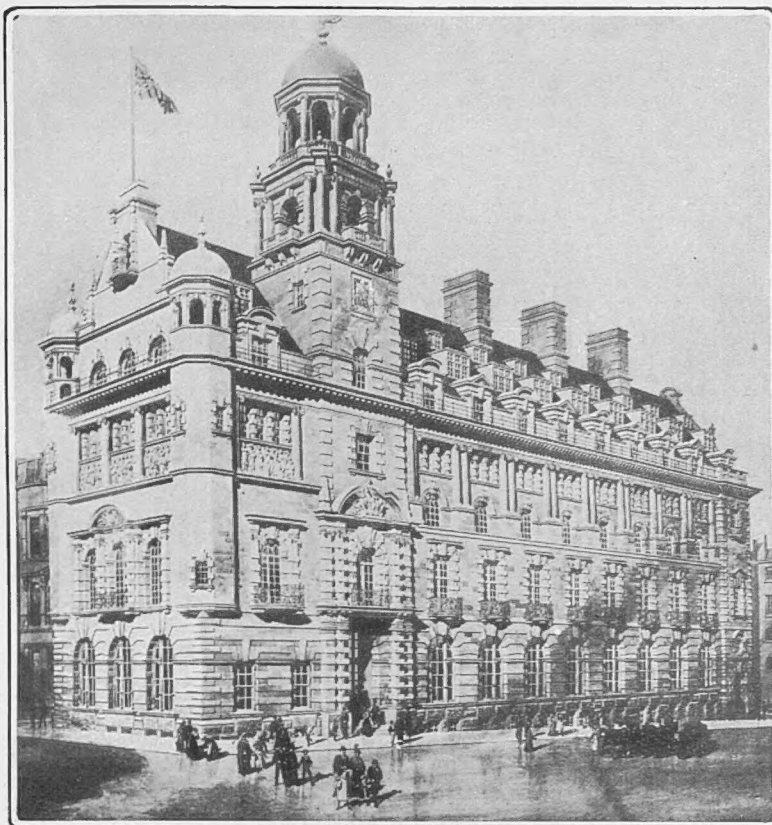
of interest, having been made in the town of Utrecht in 1648-9, and bearing the Arms of Utrecht province and town. The fire-grate in this room is also interesting, being by the celebrated designer, Stevens.

The whole of the interior is lighted by electricity and is heated by hot water on the low-pressure system. Electrically worked elevators are provided for the convenience of approach to the upper floors.

The building has been designed by Mr. J. Francis Doyle, a Liverpool architect, and the work of construction has been carried out by Messrs. Thornton and Sons, of Liverpool, under the supervision of Mr. Doyle, with the assistance of Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., as consulting architect. The sculpture was designed by Mr. C. J. Allen, of Liverpool, in conjunction with the architect, Mr. Doyle, and was executed by Mr. Allen.

The Royal Insurance Company has placed itself in possession of a building well worthy of the leading position it occupies as the largest Fire Insurance Company in the world, and the architects and contractors are to be congratulated on the result of their labours. The Royal has now been established over half-a-century, June 16 this year being the fifty-eighth anniversary of the date on which it first commenced business. Its progress has been phenomenal. From small beginnings its Fire premium income has grown until, in 1902, it reached the colossal sum of £2,763,521, its Life premiums £639,320, while its total funds approximate £12,000,000.

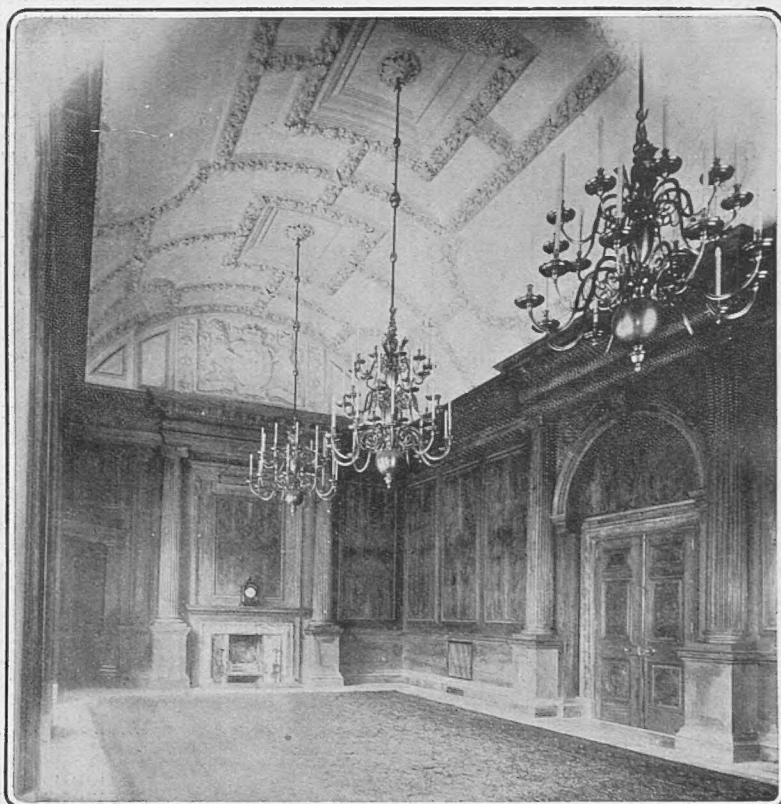
The interests of the Royal are, in the broadest sense, world-wide. It has branch offices in almost every commercial centre and its name is familiar in every civilised country. Britain may well feel proud of her great Fire Insurance Companies. The Royal is only one of a



THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY'S NEW HEAD OFFICE, LIVERPOOL.



THE GENERAL OFFICE.



THE BOARD ROOM.

in Italian walnut to a height of nineteen feet from the floor, and from the cornice of this panelling a vaulted ceiling rises which is panelled and enriched in plaster. Suspended from the ceiling are three antique brass candelabra adapted for electric-lighting. These candelabra are

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OF

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And the Attainment of the Furthest Point South.

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 The Sea Leopard; and the Method of Blasting Out the Now Ice-bound "Discovery."

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE fact that their Majesties drove in person to inquire after their venerable friend and servant, Lord Colville of Culross—who, as all the world knows, became very seriously ill just after the celebration of his Golden Wedding—is one of those kindly touches of nature which make the whole world kin and which bind our Sovereign with such strong links of affection as well as of respect to his people.

Our Royal Family in all these matters set an admirable and worthy example to their subjects. It is said that the King and the Queen never forget those who have done them the slightest real kindness, and on one occasion Her Majesty, as Princess of Wales, herself nursed through her last illness a faithful and devoted servant who had been with her many years. Lord Colville of Culross is the oldest member of the Royal Household, and he was specially chosen, on account of his high character and intellectual gifts, to be the Chamberlain of the future Queen when Queen Victoria's Heir-Apparent wedded the Viking's daughter from over the sea.

The King's Youngest Godson.

That His Majesty should have elected to be godfather in person to the infant son and heir of the young Earl of Lytton is of interest to all literary folk, for, though the Lytton Earldom was thoroughly earned by the remarkable and gifted diplomat who was in turn Viceroy of India and Ambassador in Paris, the Peerage was, in the first case, as wholly due to letters as was that of the late Lord Tennyson. The parents of little Lord Knebworth are both in their way distinguished and brilliant. Lord Lytton is, through his mother, descended from the great Lord Clarendon, and he is said to have great political ambition. Lady Lytton, once Miss Pamela Plowden, was not only a noted girl-beauty, but famed for her cleverness, charm of manner, and tact. Though not over-blessed with this world's goods, Lord and Lady Lytton live in one of the most charming of London thoroughfares—Queen Anne's Gate. There not long ago the King paid them a surprise call. The Dowager Lady Lytton is one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting and a highly favoured member of the Royal Household.

Some July Weddings.

July will see some very smart weddings, not the least important of these being that which takes place to-day (Wednesday) and which transforms the pretty American lady known to two continents as Mrs. Turnure into Lady Monson. On the 14th, Lord Dalhousie and Lady Mary Willoughby's marriage will bring together many noted Scotch people in St. Michael's, Chester Square, and it is probable that the marriage of Lord Bagot and Miss May will take place before the end of the Season. Then Lord Kensington will also be a July bridegroom. An important new engagement of the moment is that of Lord Vivian, the brother of the Queen's pretty twin Maids-of-Honour, to Miss Fanning, the step-daughter of the late Colonel McCalmont.

Mrs. Laurence Drummond.

The wonderful success of the Ladies' Army and Navy Club is due in no small measure to its energetic and clever Secretary,

Mrs. Laurence Drummond. It has been said that a Club Secretary should have all the qualities of a successful and popular Prime Minister, joined to the vigilance of a Head Commissioner of Police. This is even truer of the Secretary of a great Ladies' Club than of the ordinary Club Secretary who is backed by a strong Committee, and Mrs. Drummond should be heartily congratulated on her success. In feminine Clubland, "The Amazons and the Mermaids," as they are somewhat irreverently styled, have made quite a new departure. The Club has taken that one-time famous hostelry, the Bristol Hotel, in Burlington Gardens, and turned it into the most luxurious Club-house imaginable. In days of old the very idea of a Ladies' Club would have been flouted as absurd, but truly we have changed all that.



AMERICA IN LONDON: MRS. LAURENCE DRUMMOND (WIFE OF CAPTAIN LAURENCE DRUMMOND), HON. SECRETARY OF THE LADIES' ARMY AND NAVY CLUB.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

London's Welcome to M. Loubet.

The President of the French Republic will certainly see London under its pleasantest auspices, and there seems some danger of his being killed with kindness. Next Monday he will attend the splendid banquet given in his honour by their Majesties, and which will be followed by a full-dress reception. On Tuesday, a long and tiring day—including the State banquet given by M. Loubet himself at the French Embassy—will wind up with a gala performance at the Opera. On Wednesday M. Loubet will enjoy the hospitality of a great British noble, and probably, of all the banquets he will enjoy, that given by Lord and Lady Lansdowne at Lansdowne House will impress him most, the more so that the Minister for Foreign Affairs has French blood in his veins, and his splendid London home contains many unique and most interesting relics of bygone France.

The Floods in Essex.

If the recent floods, to which a brief spell of genuine summer has succeeded, did a great deal of damage, they have at least done some good. In certain parts of Essex where the ravages of the water were so sensational there has been something approaching a drought for many years past. So soon as the summer has come the ponds have gone dry, and the wells have followed their example; whole villages have been without water and have been compelled to send carts to places miles away in order to fetch some. Round the parish pump great disputes have raged, the authorities of one village often protesting that, much as they sympathised with far-away troubles, they had no more than enough water for themselves. In less than a fortnight the whole aspect of things has changed, and I am told that some of the villages that have suffered more or less regularly during the past



MISS LILIAN ELDEE, APPEARING AS "LORNA DOONE" IN A SERIES OF MATINÉES AT THE AVENUE. THE ACTRESS IS HERE SHOWN AS FRANCESCA IN "DANTE"

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W. (See "Heard in the Green-Room.")

The Queen of Italy. It is just possible that, after all, the Queen of Italy will not accompany King Victor Emmanuel on his visit to President Loubet in Paris, because she hopes to become a mother for the second time in December next. Should her expectations prove to be correct, she will remain quietly in Italy, and will only pay a visit to the little seaside resort on the Mediterranean coast to which she and her husband are so attached.

The Sultan and History.

After the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga, the Sultan would not allow the Turkish papers to mention the tragedy for several days, and then all they were permitted to say was that the King of Servia had died suddenly during the night, nothing being said about the Queen. The story, of course, is public property now, but not through the Turkish papers. It may, perhaps, be remembered that when President Carnot was murdered the Turkish papers said that he had died of heart-disease, while they stated that King Humbert died of syncope, and the Empress of Austria of peritonitis.

decade now have enough water to see them safely through the summer, while, if the lucerne and trefoil have suffered heavily, the grass-crop promises to be a record one. The causes of the Essex drought are two-fold. In the first place, the excessive destruction of trees, together with the silting up of river-beds, has diminished or misdirected the water-supply; and secondly, certain mineral-water and other Companies have sunk very deep wells at an expense quite beyond the means of the average farmer and have drawn off the best supply.

The Lebaudy Expedition.

If the British Government had not got its hands as full as they can conveniently be, there would be trouble, and plenty of it, over the brave but impudent expedition of M. Jacques Lebaudy to the Wad Nun and Rio del Oro country, in Morocco. Naturally enough, the Foreign Office has received no official information, but students of French colonising methods know that, unless protest is made, the Lebaudy expedition will add some very rich and interesting Moorish territory to the French Colonial Empire.

*The Khedive's
Heir-Apparent.*

The visit of the Khedive of Egypt to this country draws attention to his Heir-Apparent, Prince Mohammed Abdul Monêm, whose birth four years ago, following that of three Princesses, excited the greatest interest and enthusiasm throughout the Land of the Pharaohs. Of course, up



PRINCE MOHAMMED ABDUL MONÊM, HEIR-APPARENT OF THE KHEDIVE.

Photograph by Dittrich, Cairo.

and very interesting experience for him will be his first visit to Newmarket; while there he will be, as in London, the guest of a munificent host, Sir Ernest Cassel, now the owner of the famous racing-estate, Moulton Paddocks, which at one time belonged to the late Lord Gerard.

*Miss Katie
Trefusis.*

The many friends of Lady Mary Trefusis have shared in her anxiety during the illness of her pretty daughter, Miss Katie Trefusis, and great is the satisfaction now that there is the prospect of a speedy recovery. It will be remembered that a week or two ago Miss Katie Trefusis contracted one of the worst forms of blood-poisoning, and, though she received the very best attention from doctors and nurses, it seemed at one time extremely doubtful whether she would recover. It was decided that her only chance of life lay in an immediate operation, which involved an incision in the face and neck. Fortunately, however, this will not entail any permanent disfigurement. Lady Mary Trefusis is, of course, sister of the present Duke of Buccleuch. In 1877 she became the wife of Colonel the Hon. Walter R. Trefusis, C.B., son of the nineteenth Baron Clinton, but was left a widow eight years later. Lady Mary is one of the most popular personages in Society.

*Floods in the
Thames Valley.*

Before Ascot, many folks with houses on the Thames had the river at the bottom of their garden; by the time Ascot was over they were lucky if nothing more than their garden was at the bottom of the river. In the score of years I have known the Thames I have never seen such wholesale inundation as the recent rains have brought about. So soon as the floods had subsided sufficiently to permit a powerful launch

to proceed against the waters, I went to see the strange sights. Beyond Hampton Court, where Tagg's Island seems to have escaped the attacks of the water—though a rowing-boat has replaced the punt that takes people from the mainland to the hotel-lawns—the ravages of the flood are apparent. The waters on either side of the locks did not seem to have six inches' difference in height; the camping-grounds were under water, only the upper part of the canvas showing. Houses had lost their lawns, their hedges, and, sometimes, the gravel-paths leading to well-watered conservatory or submerged boat-house. My friends and I had the river to ourselves; for miles we saw only a sailing-boat or two whose owners were hunting for their gardens, the notice-boards that warn trespassers being all full fathoms deep. At Tom Tagg's boat-house, two launches, just built for the King, were waiting for better weather to proceed to Windsor; one is an electric launch, the other has a petrol motor. Happily, the river is falling almost as fast as it rose, and the unwelcome high-tides that the rain has brought must give place to the high-tide of commercial prosperity for which the riverside people are waiting.

Collections of Lace. There are several very valuable collections of lace, especially among European Sovereigns. That of the Queen is valued at £75,000, and that of the Princess of Wales at £50,000, while the Empress Eugénie possesses some pieces which are said to be worth very nearly £5000 the yard. The collections owned by wealthy Americans are also worth a great deal. The Vanderbilts have bought lace to the value of £100,000, and the Astors to the value of £60,000. But the most valuable and magnificent collection in the world is that of the Pope, part of it being, of course, heirlooms handed down from one occupant of the See of Rome to another. It is said to be worth at least £200,000; but this is really only an estimate, as some of the older pieces are absolutely unique.



MISS KATIE TREFUSIS, DAUGHTER OF LADY MARY TREFUSIS.

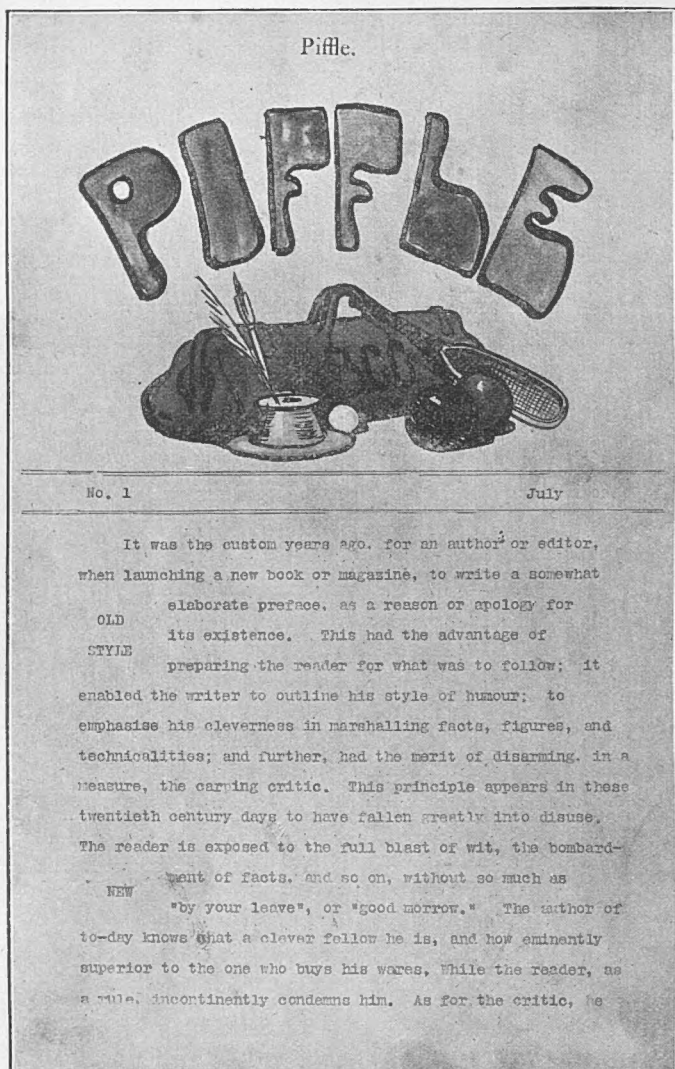
Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.

The Future Lady Bagot.

Miss Lilian May, who will soon join the group of beautiful women representing America among twentieth-century Peeresses, has been a good deal in Europe, and is well known and popular in the really great world. The future Lady Bagot was a daughter of the late Mr. Henry May, of Maryland, and she thus belongs to one of the most charming and old-world of American States, close to Washington. Lord Bagot succeeded to the title sixteen years ago; he is an uncle of the immensely wealthy young man whose marriage to Lady Noreen Hastings took place the other day. No date for the marriage of Lord Bagot and Miss May has apparently been fixed, but in these days long engagements are certainly the exception rather than the rule.

Peel, Isle of Man.

Some of the most striking and beautiful marine views to be found in the British Isles are obtainable in the Isle of Man, and the whole island may well be reckoned one of the fairest portions of His Majesty's Kingdom. Charles Kingsley



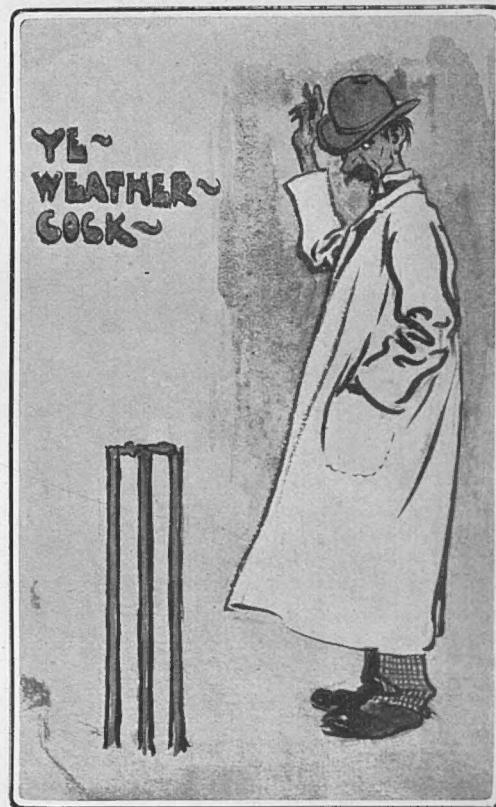
THE JOURNAL OF THE SHEPHERD'S BUSH CRICKET CLUB.

(See "Motley Notes.")

once asked why his countrymen should go "gallivanting with the nations round" when they "can see God's signet fresh on English ground." The scenery in Manxland is not on a bold scale—as some parts of Wales, for instance—but no fairer glens or more lovely bays are to be found anywhere in Great Britain. At Peel the ruins of a grand old castle stand on a little island-rock to the south-west of the town, and Sir Walter Scott, whose genius has enhanced the glory of so many mediæval relics, made admirable use of the ancient ruin in that portion of "Peveril of the Peak" which deals with the unhappy Fenella. Coming to our more modern days, Mr. Hall Caine has found ample material for picturesque stories in the legends and quaint customs of the island, notably in "The Deemster." Certainly no visitor to the "Little Man Island" should omit to see Peel. There he will find the real Manx atmosphere, and, if the town itself is not very attractive, the surroundings are beautiful. For boating, fishing, walking, mountain-climbing, and, above all, for observation of the real Manx character, there is no better centre in the whole of the tight little island than Peel.

Holiday Havens: Irish Beauty-Spots.

For some years past Ireland has been steadily growing in favour with English holiday-makers, especially since the visit of the then Duke and Duchess of York in the August of 1897; and now the great Motor Race, together with their Majesties' sojourn, will undoubtedly still further popularise the lovely Green Isle. In times gone by, although almost everyone had heard of the beauties of Killarney, with its lakes dotted with fair, green-clad islets, few realised what is almost common knowledge nowadays, that Ireland possesses numberless other beauty-spots. Indeed, within easy distance of the Kerry lakes there are many districts of infinite beauty, hallowed by historic associations. The beautiful Valley of the Blackwater, the Vale of Ovoca, and the picturesque country around far-famed Glendalough of "The Seven Churches," to name but one or two, will all well repay a visit. The Irish Railways, too, by their enterprise in catering for the wants of the tourist in the way of hotel accommodation, and in providing facilities for delightful tours through the country, have done a great work for Ireland. The Great Southern and Western Company have always been among the foremost in these matters, and they have just issued a second edition of their popular illustrated guide-book, "The Sunny Side of Ireland: How to See It by the Great Southern and Western Railway," a work which should be in the hands of all who contemplate a visit to Erin. Messrs. Alex. Thorn and Co., of Abbey Street, Dublin, are the publishers.



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "PIFFLE" BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

The Playgoers' Pantomime Fund.

The report of the Playgoers' Club Pantomime Fund affords most satisfactory reading. The funds available for the work last year amounted to nearly nine hundred pounds, and their disposal is highly creditable to all concerned, for more than fifteen thousand children were entertained, and six hundred teachers. It is to be remembered that all the children have refreshments as well as entertainment, and, out of a total expenditure of £820, more than £300 went to the caterers. The Pavilion Theatre received the largest number of the Playgoers' guests, 3130 in all, but the popular "Brit" was a very close second with 3100, and the Surrey a good third with 2800. The Lyric at Hammersmith received a thousand children free of charge, and the Grand at Fulham accommodated seven hundred at the same low rate. Presuming that the adults enjoyed themselves as much as the little ones, we see that, in round figures, sixteen thousand people were made happy for eight hundred pounds—a shilling a-head—including all expenses connected with the administration of the Fund.

Vol. 1.

No. 2.

Eton Sketch

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT TO "THE SKETCH."

(See "Motley Notes.")

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

While Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour have been strangely silent as to the new fiscal policy, its advocates on the back-benches of the House of Commons have continued to attack Mr. Ritchie. He has been personally abused in the most savage manner for remitting the Corn Tax, although he has stated that the remission was unanimously agreed to in the Cabinet. Many opprobrious epithets have been thrown



MISS GERTIE MILLAR, OF THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

at him; and even his grave face has been held up to ridicule by a Unionist Member. One has to go back many years to find an example of such personal abuse. Fortunately, Mr. Ritchie does not appear to be thin-skinned. He may be irascible, but he has been unmoved by recent attacks. Liberals, of course, give him their sympathy and assist him in every way.

A Peculiar Politician.

Sir Charles Tennant, the father-in-law of Mr. Asquith, although remaining "a staunch supporter of the Liberal cause," prefers the statesmanship of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain to the present Opposition and its Leaders. Fortunately, he is no longer in the House of Commons; otherwise, he might part company with his son, who sits behind Mr. Asquith on the Liberal side. Sir Charles is eighty years old, and married his second wife eight years ago. Even in recent years he has played a good game at golf. He was a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, whose portrait he recently presented to the nation.

The "Father of the Liberal Party."

Sir Joseph Pease has not long survived his financial troubles. Yet his life was by no means short, for he died on his seventy-fifth birthday. Members of the House of Commons heard of his death with regret. He was the "Father of the Liberal Party," having been a member continuously since 1865. His eldest son, Mr. Alfred Pease, who preferred big game in Asia or Africa to controversies at St. Stephen's, resigned his seat last year, but his second son, Mr. Joseph Albert Pease, better known as "Jack Pease," continues to represent a division of Essex, and was in the House, with his right arm in a sling, a few hours before Sir Joseph died. A nephew of the late Baronet sits on the Unionist side.

The Mermaid Society.

This (Wednesday) evening, the first open-air pastoral performance of the curiously named Mermaid Society will be given in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park. Milton's masque, "Comus," and Ben Jonson's masque, "The Hue and Cry after Cupid," will be performed on the first four evenings of the fortnight and on Friday afternoon. With "Comus" will be given the original music composed for the songs by Milton's friend, Henry Lawes, and the entire music of the masque will be of the early seventeenth century, and will include a morris-dance and a pavane. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of next week, and on the afternoon of the last-named day, Fletcher's pastoral comedy, "The Faithful Shepherdess," will be performed. The programme for Saturday, July 11, and the following Monday and Tuesday has not yet been announced. In the autumn the Society intend to give "The Castell of Perseverance"; Thomas Heywood's play, "A Woman Killed with Kindness"; and

Congreve's comedy, "The Way of the World"; but these will be presented in a theatre. The productions will be under the direction of Mr. Philip Carr, and among those who have promised to assist the Society in the pastoral performances are Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Gertrude Burnett, Miss Tita Brand, Mr. Roland Cunningham, Mr. Julian L'Estrange, and Mr. Nigel Playfair. The address of the Society is 3, Old Palace Chambers, Old Scotland Yard, Whitehall, where subscriptions may be received and seats booked. In the event of rain, the open-air performances will not be given, and tickets may be exchanged for another occasion.

King Peter's Children.

King Peter of Servia has three children by his late wife, the Princess Zorka of Montenegro, namely, Hélène, George, and Alexander. The three children are being educated at the Czar's expense in St. Petersburg, under the charge of their aunt, the Princess Anastasie, who married a Russian Grand Duke. They will remain in St. Petersburg for another month, and then, if things seem to be going on quietly, they will be taken to Belgrade to rejoin their father. Their cousin, the son of Arsène Karageorgevitch, who is now at a school in the outskirts of Geneva, will accompany them. Prince George, the eldest son, is being educated at the Czar Alexander's Military School for Cadets, and Prince Alexander is at the Pravovedenie, or Civil School of the Prince of Oldenburg.

The Servian Crown.

Hitherto the Servian kingdom has been without a crown, in the literal sense of the word; but now Prince Arsène, the brother of King Peter, has ordered one of a Parisian jeweller, and his cousin, Prince Bozidar, the artist, is to design it. The great Karageorge was a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and the Arms which were given him were a silver cross on a red ground, surmounted by a Count's coronet, and above all a Prince's coronet. The supporters are two Servian warriors of 1804, each one holding a flag. One flag is ornamented with a mailed arm, and the other with a boar's head, which symbolises Turkey, pierced with an arrow. The crown will be a wonderful piece of work, as Prince Bozidar proposes to bring the Arms and a number of warlike emblems into it, as well as the oak-leaf which is the badge of the family.

Russia and Japan. It is well for us that the Japanese are a level-headed people, or we might look with some alarm upon General Kuropatkin's visit to the Japanese Court and his reception there. The Russian Minister of War is one of the most brilliant of the Czar's servants. He has served with distinction in the Russian Army, has a wonderful knowledge of Afghanistan and the road to India, and is author of the plan of campaign that would be followed if Russia were to attack our Indian Empire. His work of organisation in the Russian Army has been spoken of in terms of highest praise by experts; he is a linguist and a courtier. It is an open secret that his recent progress through the Far East has been made with the object of preparing for eventualities in and round Manchuria, and he proceeded to Japan with the avowed intention of attacking the Anglo-Japanese *entente*. Doubtless he is prepared to pay a good price for anything he can get.



THE PASTORAL PERFORMANCES AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MERMAID SOCIETY: A PRETTY VIEW OF THE STAGE.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

PARIS.

Last week all Paris was talking of the visit made by M. Santos-Dumont to Longchamp in his wee "No. 9," but the intrepid little man has this week beaten his own record. By way of proving how entirely he had his air-ship under his control, he sailed from his shed out in the Rue de Longchamp, Passy, to the Arc de Triomphe early on Tuesday morning, and, after circling round above the Arc some three or four times, he, to everyone's surprise, sailed calmly down above the trees of the Champs-Élysées, and grounded neatly just in front of his own doorway, No. 114. There he got out, asked some friends to "hold his car," and ran upstairs to have a cup of coffee and an egg before he started back to Passy. Needless to say, he has been interviewed to death since this experience, but all that he will say is that he has another and a more amusing trick in store to show the excellence of his pet, "No. 9." Although he won't admit the fact, his friends think that he means to leave P.P.C. cards on all the doubters of his prowess, taking them round himself in his last air-ship. He will be leaving shortly for America, to make arrangements for the Exhibition at St. Louis.

Interest in Mr. Frohman's run to Paris with the Company and scenery of "The Admirable Crichton" is by no means exhausted, and, amusingly enough, the French portion of the audience seem to have understood the play a great deal better than the English and Americans who went to see it, most of whom thought it merely farcical. In the new number of the *International Theatre*, the clever little paper which supplies theatrical news in French and English from the stages of the world, Madame Simone Lebargy writes an admirable notice of the play. "It is," she says, "revolutionary, individualistic, socialistic, true to tradition, moral, and exceedingly amusing. It contains an extraordinary conception of what might be, but also demonstrates the impossibility of the theory of the idealist, and all the complex emotions in the play were interpreted by a Company of excellent artists." This is high praise from such an artist as Madame Lebargy is herself. After her success in Bernstein's play, "Le Détour," at the Gymnase, in which she played the lead two hundred times—an immense run for Paris—she has been bombarded with offers of engagements, not only in other Paris theatres, but also by German, English, and American managers to play in Berlin, London, and New York, for Madame Lebargy speaks English and German with the same purity of diction which has made her so remarkable an actress in her own tongue. Her engagement at the Comédie-Française, where her husband is one of the most prominent Associates, is but a question of time, and not a very long time either, if rumour be credible, and meanwhile she has determined not to play abroad.

BERLIN.

Everyone in Germany is discussing the success of the Social Democrats at the General Elections. The phenomenon of three million men—more than a quarter of the entire German electorate—voting solidly for the "Red Flag" is certainly calculated to give pause to the Emperor and his advisers. There was a time when the Emperor responded to the anxious representations of his statesmen with the confident assurance, "You leave Social Democracy to me. It is a transient movement. I can deal with it." Well, as the elections have shown, the waters of Social Democracy now surround even the Imperial Palace in Berlin. "The herd of men not worthy to bear the name of Germans," as the Emperor once described them, actually dwell—and this in large numbers, as the voting results prove—within the shadow of His Majesty's own residence. Curiously enough, Essen and Breslau, the very cities in which the latest fulminations of the Emperor were delivered, are the places where Social Democracy has most prospered. What does it mean? I am certain of one thing—it does not mean revolution. Not one-half of those who vote Social Democrats agree with the economical or theoretical goal of the movement. But they desire to frighten the Government into more liberal ways, to protest against the petty

tyrannies of the Bureaucracy and of the police. The greatest manufactory of Social Democratic votes is the *lèse-majesté* law. Some years ago I had the opportunity of discussing this question with the late Herr Liebknecht, just after his completion of a period of three months' imprisonment on account of a remark made in reply to the Imperial phrase quoted above. He assured me that Social Democracy was impossible in England, owing to the constitutional liberty enjoyed in that country.

The various German bathing-resorts are enjoying an exceptionally prosperous season. A friend, who is undergoing a heart "cure" at Kissingen, writes me that already seven thousand visitors are in residence there. They hail from all quarters of the globe. A particularly interesting figure is that of General B. L. Grombtschewsky, the Governor of Port Arthur, with his wife. It is a long journey from the Far Eastern outpost of Russian territorial development, and, despite his autocratic powers, General Grombtschewsky may well desire a post less remote from the waters of Kissingen. Another much-observed visitor is the Grand Duke Alexandrovitch, an uncle of the Emperor Nicholas. He is in his forty-third year, a tall, thin figure, and looks, without the stereotype beard of his countrymen, more English than Russian. The Grand Duchess Olga, who accompanies her husband to the springs, the concerts, and entertainments of Kissingen, is a beauty of the first order.

ROME.

Sir Francis Bertie, the British Ambassador in Rome, has most kindly consented to become the Patron and President of the English Golf Club in Rome. The Club, which has been in existence for some years, has procured additional links, which are situated near the famous Tomb of Metella, on the Via Appia Nuova. The links are of nine holes, and will soon be under the direction of a professional specially sent from England. The neighbourhood is in every way suited for a good golf-ground, and it is safe to predict that, by the time the season returns in October next, there will be a great demand for admission on the part of the numerous British residents.

I am glad to be able to state that Lady Feodorowna Bertie, who was more seriously ill than most people in Rome were aware of, is well enough now to take drives in the open air. On Saturday, Lady Feodorowna will leave Rome for Switzerland.

Great sorrow is felt in Vatican circles at the death of the late Cardinal Vaughan. Rumour has it that Monsignore Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond, will be his

successor. This rumour was imparted to Monsignore Stonor, who ridiculed the idea, adding that it was quite out of the question. He tells me that it will be a matter of probably quite two months to decide upon the successor to the late Cardinal. Three names selected by the Chapter have to be sent, first, to the English Bishops, and then forwarded to Rome, where the final decision is made, before the matter is settled.

*Golf: House of
Commons v.
Stanmore.*

The golf enthusiast follows his beloved pastime in almost any weather, for the ground covered is so extensive that it does not get worn like a cricket-pitch or a football-ground. Thus, despite the heavy-rains of the preceding days, on Saturday, June 20, a House of Commons team played the Stanmore Club in a friendly match of ten a-side over the ground of the latter. On the whole, the Members of Parliament did not show their usual form, though the famous K.C., Mr. Marshall Hall, played a fine game, and the result was a win for Stanmore by seven and a-half matches to two and a-half. For the Commons, Mr. Marshall Hall and Mr. C. Guy Pym won their games, while Sir H. Seton-Karr halved with Mr. G. R. Newburn. On the same day, Mr. Marshall Hall played over the Stanmore course in the Parliamentary Handicap, and, by beating Sir H. Seton-Karr, reached the semi-final round of the Tournament.



MADAME SIMONE LEBARGY, A FASCINATING PARISIAN ACTRESS.

Photograph by Reudlinger, Paris.

A NOTABLE GOLF MATCH: THE HOUSE OF COMMONS v. STANMORE.

(See Opposite Page.)

Mr. G. R. Newburn. Mr. F. Wickham. Dr. W. Bower. Mr. A. J. East. Rev. F. W. Eddison. Mr. M. Copland. Mr. Percy Coles.

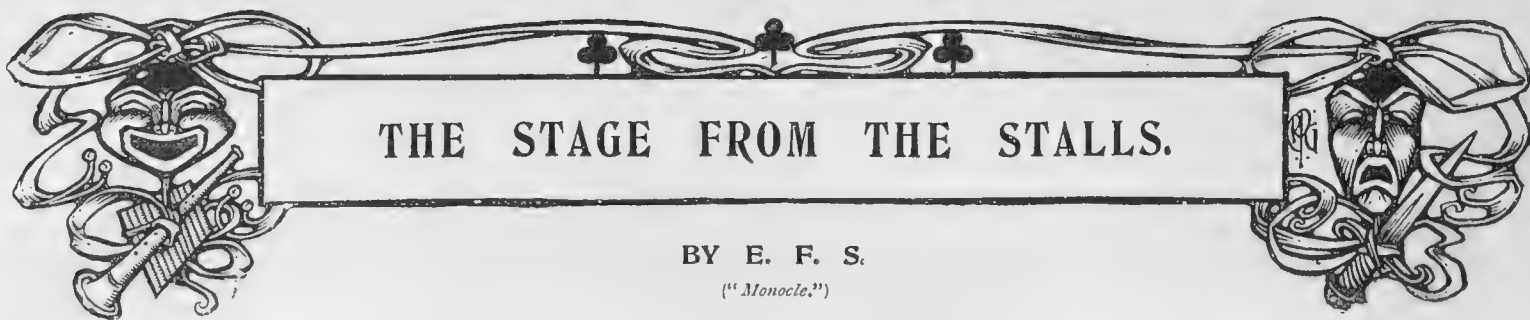


Mr. W. N. Roe. Mr. Arnold Inman. Mr. J. W. Greig.
THE STANMORE TEAM, THE WINNERS.

Mr. J. L. Wanklyn. Mr. E. Marshall Hall, K.C. Mr. C. Guy Pym. Sir H. Seton-Karr.



Mr. C. Eric Hambro. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. Mr. H. W. Forster.
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TEAM.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Menocle.")

"A (FRENCH) DOLL'S HOUSE," "THE JOY OF LIVING," AND THE TRIPLE BILL.

IT was with a shocking sort of ultra-patriotic pleasure that I noted the inferiority of the performance of "A Doll's House" by Madame Réjane and her Company to performances given here by our native players, for at times one gets tired of hearing about the superiority of the French players. Madame Réjane, as Nora, adapted the part to herself almost as shockingly as Duse forces the characters she represents into her mould. Of course, her work was very clever and interesting—it always is—but she seemed to make no specific effort to present the character drawn by the author and demanded by the play. The others followed suit. There was no real attempt even in the externals to suggest local colour. The very specific stage-directions of the author are ignored. Krogstad, it is true, in one scene wore a bewildering kind of claret-coloured dressing-gown, neither French nor English, but that did not make it Scandinavian; and there was a fiendish table-cloth with yelling greens and reds which would be out of place in an English or French home—or anywhere save in a torture-chamber. The mere presence of this table-cloth suggests that the actress has rather insensitive eyes, and one cannot help feeling that she has a somewhat defective vision. Otherwise, I imagine she would be more coquettish: there are times when she pushes uncoquettishness to unreasonable bounds. It is clear that Nora was a creature of great personal charm; it is certain that Madame Réjane is a woman of great charm; but she refused to render Nora charming. She tousled her hair and whitened her face, so as to make herself look old and ghastly. Nora, I take it, was well on the frivolous side of thirty—probably about half-way between twenty and thirty. In the last scene the French actress made her look and seem twice that age; this very fact destroyed the meaning of the scene. One can understand how the strange ideas of Nora came to one of her age under the circumstances, but they appear absurd when uttered by a middle-aged woman. Now, in a large measure, this is wilful. Undoubtedly Madame Réjane is older than Nora was when she left her husband, nor is it to be alleged that she is a beautiful woman, but she has often shown a curious power of simulating prettiness. She generally looks as if she were pretty. It would be unfair to use the term—of Voltaire's invention, I fancy—*une laide charmeuse*, nor do I venture to refer to a famous phrase of John Wilkes. It is enough to say that she can look irresistible if she pleases, and she did not please on Monday.

The Company took colour from the "star," save in the case of the Mrs. Linden, who was colourless, as colourless, tame, and uninteresting as flat ginger-beer from a glass bottle. I have never before seen a house unmoved by the passage in the last Act between her and Krogstad; the memory of the performance of Miss Elizabeth Robins in this is one of my treasures. The Helmer was comically Gallic. M. Tarride, a very able actor—in French plays—presented a jolly fellow of the "quite a good sort" order, which term, I think, translates "bon enfant." To talk of Nora not knowing all about his character in eight years, or, indeed, eight weeks, is absurd. She might not have known all about him, for he had a merry eye, and I suspect that there had been a few, or many, little "penknife pricks in the marriage contract" made by him; and it seemed certain that, when Nora started her grand speeches in the last Act, he would not have listened awe-struck and remorseful and babbled about the miracle happening—"prodige" did not seem a good translation—but would have lit a big cigar (one of those he did not offer to Doctor Rank), and, when really roused, have told his uncoquettish, elderly-looking Nora something about there being as good fish in the sea as ever—and probably boxed her ears and locked up the house and hidden her boots. The Doctor Rank, conscientiously avoiding any concession in appearance to the idea of not looking French, nicely succeeded in giving exactly the undesirable fatuous note to the part. Others have exhibited a hopelessness which scotched even desire, but he, though not really seeming sanguine, destroyed the little touch of poetry in the part. He must not be blamed because the French "Et merci du feu" has not the fine, double meaning of the English phrase, "And thank you for the light."

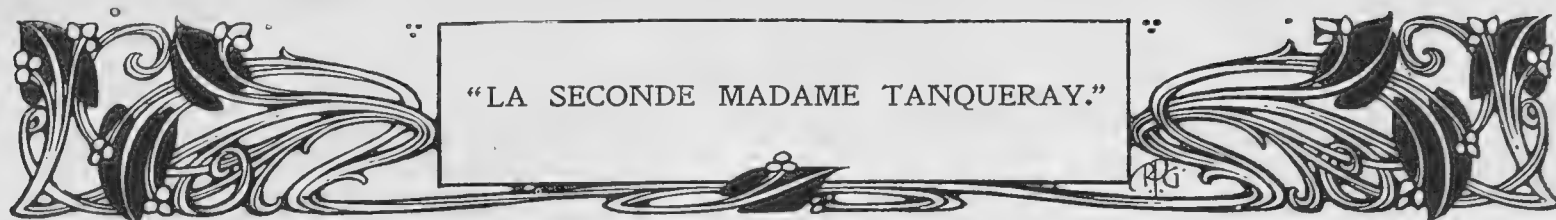
There is a question of difference in national character between the French and us involved. We are prouder, they more vain. You and I boast of being English—I hasten to say, British; the Frenchman is vain of being Parisian—even when he is not. To him there is no salvation outside the Fortifications. Foreign things must be civilised to his palate. There was a Parisian note in the admirable performance of "Andromaque," though Bernhardt, as compared with Réjane, is international in feeling, and Nora had to be subdued to the flavour of the Boulevards. Consequently, we saw clever bits, and the actress's power of indicating the birth of ideas in the human brain was wonderfully displayed; but we thought of Janet Achurch, and felt

proud of her and of Miss Robins, Herbert Waring, Charles Fulton, Carleton—dead, alas!—and Charrington, and those who have helped us to know and value truly the admirable play that has had a greater effect on ideas than any other in history.

It is rather painful after writing this to have to say that an English Company has failed to do justice to a German play; for the failure on the first-night in—not of—"The Joy of Living" is undeniable. The cause, however, in part at least, is insufficiency of rehearsal. In an exquisitely delivered speech, so charming, indeed, as almost to make amends, Mrs. Campbell asked forgiveness for shortcomings on the ground that there had been but five days for rehearsal. Considering this, the performance was remarkably good, but, considering it, Doctor Johnson's regret that a particular very difficult performance was not impossible comes to mind. The public and critics did not ask to have the play presented before it was ready. Certainly the faults were due to no conscious effort to Anglicise the piece: it may not have seemed very German, it certainly was not very English. Part of the difficulty lay in the untransmissibility of some of the ideas: there is nothing radically foreign to English or French minds in the ideas contained in "A Doll's House," but we are out of touch as a people with the ultra-Tory ideals suggested in "Es Lebe das Leben," or the views about duelling and suicide contained in it. By the way, the word "ideal" and the word "ordeal" occurred pretty often, and were pronounced respectively as "ideel" and "ordeel"—in fact, as dissyllables; why, I cannot tell—indeed, I have no "ideer," or "ide-ah," or "idjer," to use three of the methods adopted of pronouncing "idea." Sudermann seems to have had the Parnell tragedy in his mind in using for the purposes of his play a catastrophe brought about chiefly by the terror of the High Tories lest a love-scandal connected with an important member should injure the party. It is news, perhaps good news, that such a matter should be so effective in Berlin. We, of course, have actual evidence as to the effect on political careers of a proved breach of the Commandment which Effie Deans flung at the head of the Merrie Monarch. On the whole, the clever German dramatist may be charged with falling between two stools in causing his play partly to turn on Richard's winning his seat and partly upon his past relations with Beata, a name unwisely chosen, since it recalls the work of a dramatist with whom Sudermann does not seem likely to vie successfully. Justice requires me to say that the piece, despite some cuttable scenes, is interesting and intelligent, if not easily intelligible, and it has several remarkably fine scenes based upon a strong idea.

Beata, the neglected but not ill-used wife of a careless though not unamiable man, meets Richard, her destined but diverted mate, when she is but little short of thirty. She and Richard encounter one another in the woods in May-time. Acquaintance begins by accident, friendship follows naturally, passion intrudes irresistibly, and then comes guilt. Soon after, Richard grows acquainted with the husband, and, under what circumstances I do not know, they become friends. Richard's sense of honour forbids him to be the lover of his friend's wife. He begs her to confess, so that there may be a divorce and a true union founded on the false connection. She refuses, unselfishly thinking that marriage with a divorced woman may ruin the man she loves; so Richard, stern in his views of honour, forces back passion to friendship, and for twelve years they are fast friends, but guiltless in act if not in thought. Yet the catastrophe comes, and what may be called the human scenes are very powerful and moving. In fact, since by this time the players know their part, and the piece, presumably, is taken with greater speed and greater point, it ought to be deeply interesting and moving. At any rate, it is worth while taking the chance of seeing Mrs. Campbell, an actress of great genius, in a part containing several very effective scenes. The heart-disease business, for which she is not responsible, is needless and detestable. It is a gross offence against art and merely cruel without advancing the play at all; indeed, it has the ludicrous effect of seriously diminishing the grandeur of the heroine's sacrifice, for not a single scene is assisted by it. It is painful to those whose withers are unwrung, and must be ghastly to those in an audience—and there will generally be some—to whom it is a tender subject. Although Mrs. Campbell, moved, perhaps, by anxiety due to the difficulties of the production, was over-emphatic in some comparatively unimportant sentences, much of her work was very beautiful, and some of the scenes were intensely thrilling.

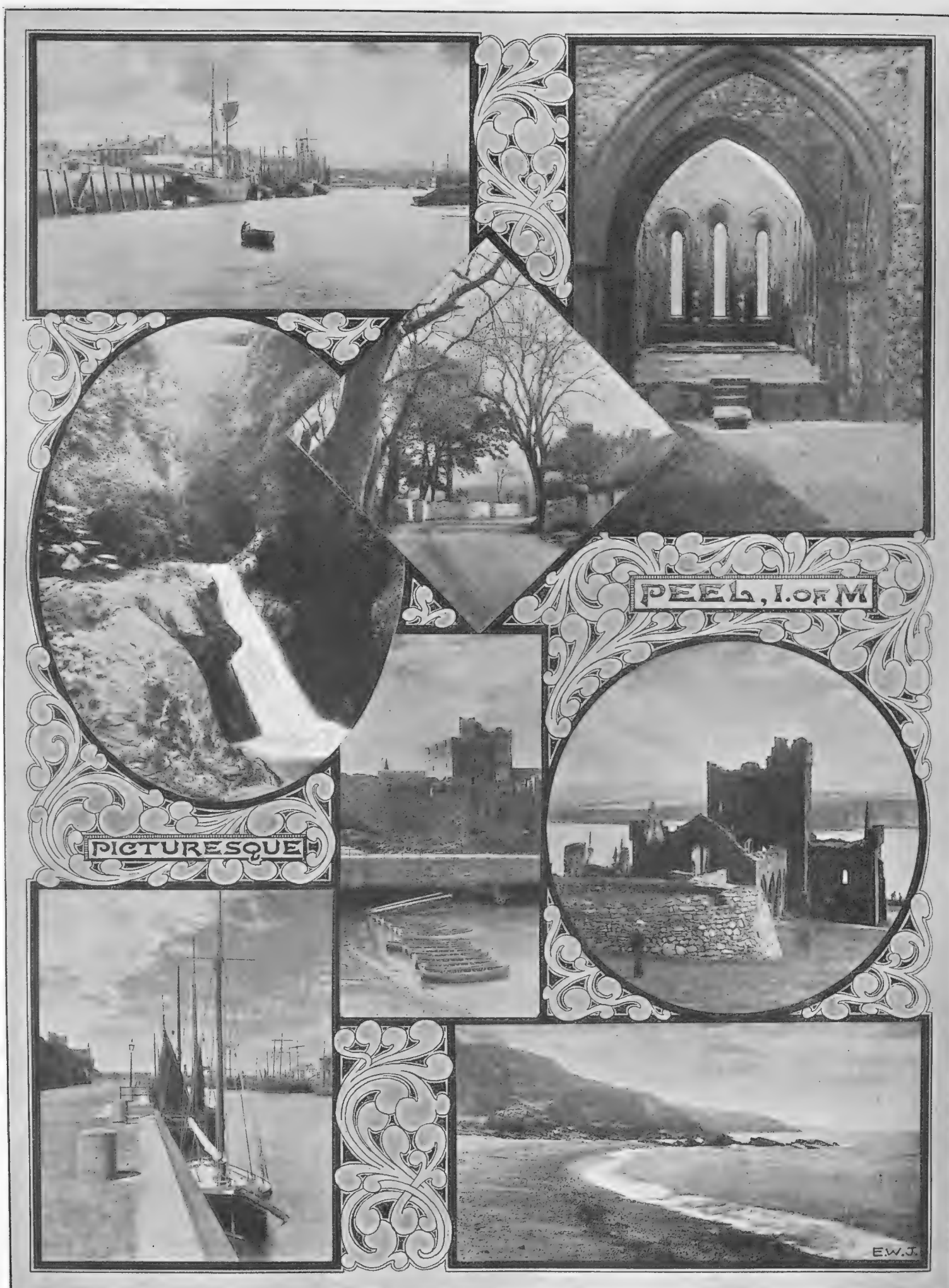
There is little space for speaking of Mr. Tree's triple bill, a kind of sandwich with the bread in the centre—the bread consisting of "Flodden Field," the meat of "The Ballad-Monger" and "The Man that Was," in which Mr. Tree gives two vivid, brilliant performances.



MADAME JANE HADING,
THE BRILLIANT FRENCH ACTRESS WHO CONCLUDED HER SEASON AT THE CORONET ON SATURDAY LAST.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

HOLIDAY HAVENS: THE SNUG LITTLE ISLE OF MAN.



VIEWS IN AND ABOUT PEEL.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")

HOLIDAY HAVENS: TWO BEAUTY-SPOTS IN UNDISCOVERED IRELAND.



BLACKWATER, KENMARE, CO. KERRY.



BLACKSTONES BRIDGE, GLENCAR, CO. KERRY.

Photographs by Lawrence, Dublin. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

MR. HARRY VARDON,

THE CHAMPION GOLF-PLAYER OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

"HE is not a man; he is a blooming steam-engine!" It was in these words that Taylor, a scarcely less brilliant exponent of the ancient and royal Scotch game to which the King and the Prime Minister, among other famous Englishmen, yield allegiance, referred to the Champion at the end of the first round of the final tie of a match at Newcastle, County Down. Taylor himself had given a brilliant exhibition, for he prefaced his remark with the words, "I am not ashamed of it; I have played my game, but who could stand against that?" Few people indeed can stand against "that," for the Championship match which Vardon won a couple of weeks ago at Prestwick was the fourth in which he has thus distinguished himself and carried off the trophy against the most celebrated golfers.

If, like a famous Scotchman, who may possibly have indulged in the national game, though, so far, no one has brought forward any proofs that he did—as, for the matter of that, no one has brought forward any proofs that he did not—Vardon "bears his blushing honours thick upon him," they are not worn with their "newest gloss," unless the recent Championship match may be said to give a new burnish to his astonishing record, for he has been, not inaptly, called "the Napoleon of the game."

Like so many other famous golfers, he began by carrying clubs, and thus obtained an insight into the game whose intricacies of nomenclature, at least, are so bewildering to those who have not been initiated into the mysteries of the game which exercises so potent a spell over all players that they willingly neglect everything under the spell of its fascination.

It was at Grouville, in Jersey, where he was born in May 1870, that Vardon commenced playing. This he did whenever he got the chance, even with what one of his biographers has described as "rude primeval weapons," thus suggesting a subject made to the hand of Mr. E. T. Reed. Before he was fifteen, Vardon started his career as a gardener, in which respect he resembles Taylor. Soon after this he gave evidence of the possibilities of his future greatness by winning the handicap trophy offered by the Working Men's Club at Grouville, and that although he owed seven strokes.

In the early 'nineties he went as green-keeper to the Studley Royal Golf Club at Ripon, and in 1893 he made his début at a tournament at Kilmalcolm, where he finished fifth, only nine strokes behind Herd, the winner. That year he went to Prestwick to compete for the Championship. He did not get nearer than twenty-sixth, but a little later in the year he won his first tournament at Ilkley. How greatly he had improved by the next year one may judge from the fact that in the Championship match at Sandwich he was fifth, though over the St. Andrews course the following year he dropped back four places, for he only finished ninth. All the same, however, he ran into the final in a tournament at Portrush, but was beaten by Herd on the last green. With Herd, he, later, played one of the most sensational matches, and, though it took place two years ago, enthusiasts still speak of it with admiration and refer to it as "a famous victory," the more famous in that Vardon was not the victor but the vanquished. It was at Dollymount, Ireland, and the Champion was six up on the first round. In the second, however, Herd drew up and squared the match at the sixteenth hole. The seventeenth hole was halved, and, amid a scene of wild excitement,

Vardon opened his shoulders in his own remarkable fashion, and drove the ball as few except himself, Braid, or Simpson could do. After some consultation, it was finally decided that the ball was out of bounds. Vardon made a grand recovery, but, in spite of the glamour of his adversary, Herd played splendidly and won.

It is, no doubt, his extraordinary ability as a driver which gives Vardon one of the advantages he possesses. Probably, only Baird and Simpson equal him in driving from the tee, and he undoubtedly surpasses them with the iron clubs. Even a player like Andrew Kirkaldy has opened his eyes in astonishment at Vardon's extraordinary ability in this respect. At Prestwick once, with the wind dead against him, he made a cleek shot, followed by one with a light iron which took him past the first hole. Kirkaldy, startled out of himself, exclaimed, "He's hame wi' his licht iron!" The tenth hole at Prestwick is over four hundred yards on the Championship course, yet,

on one occasion, in each of four rounds, Vardon got on to the green with his second stroke. That it was not a lucky fluke he proved at Carnoustie, where the ninth hole is over six hundred yards, and he reached the green with two full shots and a "half-iron." The facility with which, as one of his critics has written, "he lays his approach putts dead or in the hole" is another factor in his success to which his apparent serenity of temper probably adds something. Most golfers will remember the delightful little story of the clergyman who missed a certain shot and looked unutterable things, to which someone standing by gave audible expression in the language peculiar to the game, and the reverend gentleman uttered a highly appreciative "Thanks!" Vardon does not have that experience—because, no doubt, he never misses his shots.

It was in 1896 that he first won the Championship, and he was at that time the second English professional player to secure the honour. Two years later, at Prestwick, he again achieved the distinction. In that season his sensational playing was so consistent that it might almost have been said to be the ordinary record of his matches. "That

man would break the heart of a stone horse," was Kirkaldy's comment when, after successes at Musselburgh, Prestwick, St. Nicholas, Carnoustie, Elie, Manchester, and Barton-on-Sea, Vardon won the Championship with a score of 307, an average of $73\frac{3}{4}$ against W. Auchterlonie's 80½ in 1893. At the match at Elie, in August 1898, he holed a little pitch from the rough beyond the first hole, and drew from Kirkaldy the delightful compliment, "You're an awfu' man, Vardon!"

Again in 1899, at Sandwich, he won the Championship, and though defeated in the next two years by Taylor at St. Andrews and by Braid at Muirfield, he finished second to them, so that his record is well-nigh phenomenal.

Personally, he is a graceful, well-set-up man of about 5 ft. 10 in., and in his games he uses a short, light club. An expert critic, describing his style, says that he "gets his hand well in front of his body, and with a slight-lift of the body at the top of the swing, seems to open his shoulders and hit at the ball more than most of our best players."



MR. HARRY VARDON.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XLVIII.—MR. HARRY VARDON.



"ONE SECOND. I MUST JUST HAVE A LOOK AT SOME CLUBS THAT ARE BEING REPAIRED."



"NOW I'M WITH YOU."



"SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY GOLF? I'LL DO MY BEST."



"THIS IS HOW I DRIVE."



"NOT A BAD ONE, EITHER. . COME ALONG."



"BUT I'M BUNKERED, YOU SEE."



"HERE'S A TRICKY HEDGE TO JUMP OVER."



"FINALLY, PUTTING. THIS GREEN WANTS ROLLING, BY THE WAY."



"I MUST SPEAK TO THE MEN ABOUT IT. GOOD-MORNING."

"DREAMS OF ROSES."

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.

"—If any vagrant gather me
And wear me in his bosom, I will give
Him dreams of roses; he shall dream and live,
And wake to find the rose a verity."—NORA HOPPER.

UNDER an Eastern sky, half-stifled by remorseless heat, he closed his eyes and dreamt a dream of roses: a cool, sweet dream of roses growing almost wild in a garden—roses and a girl. He gave a great sigh, and let the coolness and the stillness sink into him; he shut his eyes tighter to keep out the glare, shut his ears to the buzz of insects, the hum of heat, until he could see every feature of the girl amongst her roses, until he could almost hear her speak.

"Why do you go?" she said; and, "Oh, how long will you be gone?"

He remembered that he had found no satisfactory answer to either question; nothing that served, at any rate, to satisfy the girl.

"Why do I go?" he had questioned. "Because the devil of unrest has got hold of me again; and I cannot resist him. He calls me, and when he calls me I am bound to leave everything and follow him."

"That's nonsense!" she had said, puckering her pretty face into a frown.

"It's God's truth," he declared, "and you'd know it for that if you were a man."

"Oh, I'm glad I'm not a man, born to unfaithfulness!" she cried.

"Dear child, there are many ways of unfaithfulness," he said, "and plenty of them stay at home." But she was not to be convinced, either by that or his answer to her second question.

"I'll come back," he told her, "when I'm so sick with longing for you and for England that I can't keep away any longer."

"I'm not leaving you bound," he had insisted, beset with his great fear of all bondage. "You know you're free?"

"How can you say so," she had moaned up at him, "when you've buried yourself in my heart?"

"Poor little heart—what a burden!" he said. "Well, keep me safe in your heart till I come again—if you must. Or pluck me out, if you would be happiest so."

"Don't you care? Don't you even care?"

"Yes—I care," he admitted.

"Then why do you go?" she asked. And so they had started round the endless circle again.

Now what chance had they of happiness together with natures fed from such different sources? Had he not been right to go?

But now he was tired of wonders. The time he had foreseen had come, when movement wearied him, when his eyes were aching for English sights, his ears straining for English sounds, his heart heavy with longing to be overseas in an English garden rank with roses. All night and all day he dreamt of a summer-land of roses and in their midst a girl.

He had been wrong, with all his talk of freedom, his boast of the vagrant's wide-world heritage that he must ever be following, ever seeking to enlarge. Into the life of every man there comes a time when just four walls—the walls of his home, just two arms—the arms of his wife, shut out all the world beside; there comes a time when all he asks is a hearthstone of his own and a woman to sit with him over it.

This man had a fancy for roses tapping on the window-pane outside; but, then, the woman he wanted had first appeared to him in a garden-plot roses covered. Amongst them she had given him her love for his, and before they were all faded he had been off again lest their love should soon be faded too.

But—now, again, he was sure of it—he had been wrong. Love does not fade. It grows and grows until it takes the place of everything else, until it overgrows life as the roses that summer overgrew the garden. Absence waters it, and how it grows! He would own he had been wrong; he would travel as quickly as he could all the way back to England to do it. And this time, he told himself, he would be returning for good—surely for good and all?—if the girl and the roses were still faithful to him.

Generally he loved to linger over his journeying, but he could be an expeditious traveller when he chose, and on this journey hope speeded him; in an incredibly short time he was walking from the little country station along the road that was to end for him in a rose-garden. It was the time of roses and he had been gone only two years—a short time, as he measured it.

Yet, with only a few yards left to cover, he realised, for the first time with any real distinctness, that a great deal can happen in two years.

And a great deal had happened. Before he reached the gate where he had kissed her good-bye in the flower-scented dusk, he saw the first signs of what had happened in the untrimmed hedge. He pushed the gate open, he nerved himself to go in, but before he entered he knew that what he had come so far to see was not there.

What met his eye were lawns covered with tall grass and daisies, paths green with weeds; roses running riot in wild confusion, here broken from a wall by rude hands or careless winds, here waging an unsuccessful war with blight and neglect. The rain-splashed, curtainless windows stared at him as an intruder, the paint-blistered door refused him welcome. Nothing was as he left it only two years ago. Such a short time—as he viewed it!

Roses and a girl had tempted him all these miles, and what a fool's errand it had proved! By now he was absolutely certain that he would have been willing—aye, glad!—to always stay with her if she had been there. He had yet to face all that her absence meant to him.

But instead, turning sharply round to leave the place as quickly as he could, he faced the girl. She came very slowly up the path, her head bent, until she saw him, and then she almost ran to him. Yet it seemed as if she dare not believe her eyes. And she was white and shaking.

"You?" she questioned. "Is it really you—and not a ghost? Oh, speak to me——!"

He spoke, and what he said reassured her on one point, at least.

"Oh, I'm glad! How glad I am!" she cried. "It didn't seem as if you could be dead, as if the report could be true; and yet——"

"Vagrants never die," he told her. "They always turn up on the wedding-day or the day after. Is this your wedding-day?"

"No—oh, no!"

"Nor the day after?"

"Nor the day after. And you are not dead!"

"And you are not married!"

"And why did you leave this place?" he questioned. "Can't you see how it misses you?"

"I had waited here for you such a dreary time, and it seemed so to belong to you that, when I thought you could never come to me again—when I believed you dead—I couldn't bear the place any longer——"

"Yet you came to-day?"

"It seemed so to belong to you," she explained. "Though I had to leave it, it was always drawing me back, and—and you are not dead!"

"And this is not your wedding-day!"

"Ah—no!"

"But could you make it this day week?"

"I could make it one day—soon," she whispered.

"As soon as the garden is put tidy?"

"I think—as soon as that."

"And, love," he promised then, "nothing shall part us. I will be deaf to every call but yours. I will not wander any more."

"Why, yes," she cried, "you shall! I thought it all out after you were gone, and I wonder why we did not think of it before. Why didn't we? When the call comes, you shall still follow—you shall not stay eating your heart out here. You shall go—but taking me."

"Sweetheart, that will be lovely!" he said, and bent to kiss her. He was already so deeply buried in the dreams she brought him he did not even tell her that a vagrant's path, on his wanderings, is too narrow and too rough for a woman at his side.

"Sweetheart, that will be lovely!" he repeated, for, at any rate, her face was. He had plucked his rose and he was beginning a new life, and, if a stray thorn pricked him, what did he care for a thorn-prick—yet?

A TANTALISING SONG AND ITS SINGERS.



THE PEOPLE WHO BOO' AT THE THEATRES



ALIENS
OF
ASSORTED
SHAPES.

STREET-CORNER
LOAFERS.



THE COMMON OR GARDEN TRIPPER.



THE MANLY ONE. *Hassall*

"HI'VE MADE UP ME MIND TER SILE AWYE!" (BUT THEY NEVER DO.)

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

PROFESSOR PHELPS, of Yale University, called attention some months ago to an extraordinary similarity between some scenes in Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" and the poetic drama, "Luria," written in 1846 by Robert Browning. Though "Monna Vanna" attracted so much attention, no one else commented on this likeness, and Mr. Phelps came to the conclusion that "Luria" was to-day practically forgotten by critics, journalists, and the general reading public. In fact, one literary paper declared that there was nothing in the comparison. Mr. Phelps wrote to M. Maeterlinck, who replied—

You are entirely right: between an episodic scene of my Second Act (that in which Prinzivalle unmasks Trivulzio) and one of the great scenes of "Luria" there exists a similarity which I am astonished was not pointed out earlier. I am the more astonished because, far from concealing this similarity, I took pains myself to indicate it by using exactly the same hostile towns, the same epoch, and almost the same persons—although it would have been quite easy to transpose the whole and render the borrowing unrecognisable if my intention had been to dissimulate.

Maeterlinck went on to say that he looked upon Browning as belonging to that classic and universal literature which all the world is supposed to know. It was thus natural and legitimate to borrow a situation from him—or rather, a fragment of a situation—as one borrows freely from Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakspeare, such borrowing being a sort of public homage. Of course, with the exception of the one episode, "Monna Vanna" has nothing in common with "Luria," and the borrowing, such as it is, may be compared with Goethe's use of one of Ophelia's songs in the serenade by Mephistopheles.

This incident leads me to an observation. Journalists in these days are mostly young men. There are obvious advantages in this arrangement, but there are also disadvantages. Young men have not the same experience. They have not lived through so much history as older men, and they have read fewer books. The consequence is that they take up every subject as if it were entirely new. For example, hardly any journalist has gone into the Fair Trade controversy of 1881 in connection with the plans of Mr. Chamberlain. Yet many of the arguments on both sides that are being used to-day are just the arguments of 1881. We still need a thorough history of the last fifty years, not a book of flowing generalities, but of careful particulars, with plenty of documents and quotations. Such a book would help journalists and publicists to read the signs of the times more wisely. Many of our literary critics have read very few books except the newest, and, in particular, they

are almost entirely ignorant of the secondary literature of England. How many men on the Press to-day know the brilliant and witty writings of Shirley Brooks?

The Americans are great bibliographers, and some of the books they have executed should more properly have been done by Englishmen. Of such is a fine publication just issued by the Dibdin Club of New York. It is entitled "Three Centuries of English Bibliography," and

contains, besides, a list of the catalogues, &c., published for the English book-trade from 1595 to 1902. The editors are Mr. A. Growoll and Mr. Wilberforce Eames, both of New York, and they appear to have done their work in the most thorough manner. In 1779, William Bent issued his first catalogue of books published since the year 1700. He published another catalogue in 1786, and from 1788 till his death in 1823 he seems to have published sixteen catalogues. Mr. Bent commenced in 1802 the *Monthly Literary Advertiser*, which after a career of fifty-eight years was merged in the *Bookseller*. Another American who is doing English work is Mr. Laurence Hutton, whose "Literary Landmarks of Oxford" has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards. Mr. Hutton's books are very useful, but they leave much to be desired in the matter of accuracy.

Finally, I wish to pay a tribute to Mr. John Foster Kirk, whose supplement to "Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature" has never got anything like justice. It contains over thirty-seven thousand articles, and is one of the most careful and intelligently compiled works of reference I have ever used.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has declined a very tempting proposal to write a new novel for

an American magazine. Mr. Hardy cannot write to order. He may very likely write another story, but he must feel the impulse first.

The *Lamp* publishes a most interesting biography of Norah Perry, the New England poetess, containing delightful extracts from her letters and journals. A remark concerning Henry James is quoted: "He is a master in the school of fiction which tells in three volumes how Hiram K. Wilding trod on the skirt of Alice M. Sparkins without anything coming of it." The remark, however, belongs to Mr. Barrie, and was used by him in one of his early articles and very widely quoted in America. Miss Perry was, no doubt, repeating it without meaning to plagiarise.

O. O.



THE PHILOSOPHER BY THE WAYSIDE.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

FOUR NEW NOVELS.

"M.R.C.S."

By BURFORD DELANNOY.
(Ward, Lock. 6s.)

"M.R.C.S." is a very ordinary detective-story couched in very extraordinary language. It is remarkable only for the number of newly coined compound adjectives utilised by its author in a vain attempt to gain effect. The chief character, Richard Morgan, who is "a close-shaven, white-to-the-lips man" with a habit of "throbbing" home on his motor-car, whose actions "leave no permanent footprints," whose "Adam's apple"—at one period of his exciting existence—"lifted and fell," and who figures on the same occasion as "the still-standing-against-the-door doctor," would make his fortune in any dime museum could he but exhibit his eccentricities to the full. Accompanied by the stock of "animal charcoal" into which he has converted a blackmailing burglar, and the jar containing that burglar's three-fingered hand, he would be irresistible. Even Arthur Raper, wearing a "peculiar facial expression," Nurse Mawning, who has "a similar turned-round-the-other-way-sort-of-thought," and, later, gives vent to "a faint, failed-to-be-repressed moan," Garden, who is the antithesis to "the couldn't-disguise-the-policeman-in-him-for-the-life-of-him" detective, or the burglar's wife, "a white-faced, breath-coming-in-pants woman," with "a set, a determined-to-know-the-worst expression on her face," would pale before his magnificently flamboyant personality. Judging by the present volume, Mr. Burford Delannoy is apparently an unable-or-unwilling-to-write-a-book-in-even-moderately-decent-English author.

"ELIZABETH'S CHILDREN,"

(John Lane. 6s.)

Some time ago a farce was produced at the Garrick entitled "Too Much Johnson." The present seems an opportune moment for the production of another called "Too Much Elizabeth." The German Garden lady began it, and Mrs. Glynn's heroine confused us dreadfully, and now we are treated to a third Elizabeth, married to a French gentleman, who sends over her three little boys to stay with Mr. Latimer of Latimer Hall, apparently an old friend of her own. The anonymous author has been content to take the framework of "Helen's Babies" and transfer it to this great English country-house. The result is a tolerably amusing book, the interest of which lies not so much in what the children say as in their characters. The protecting affection of the eldest, Renaud, for the youngest, André, is very touchingly portrayed; while the middle one, Armand, with his curiously practical bent of mind, is a good child-type. The children are little saints and little devils by turns; they duly bring about Mr. Latimer's marriage, after one of them has, in his innocence, thrown away a pencilled note from the lady which would have saved much misunderstanding if it had been delivered earlier. Latimer himself is a good character, and his silent pride in his historic house is very well indicated. We like, too, his old housekeeper, Mrs. Travers, and his Great Dane, "King Solomon," one of the best dog-portraits we remember in recent fiction; but surely the author has exaggerated the vulgarity of the presumably county society of which Latimer Hall is the hub. This part of the book does not ring true; county people are sometimes vulgar, but not in that way. Altogether, the book lacks the broad humour of "Helen's Babies"; but, still, it has the great merit of maintaining the three children as the central figures, just as Budge and Toddy were the central figures in the American story.

"BEGGAR'S MANOR,"

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

Mr. Murray Gilchrist has certainly no lack of atmosphere, and he possesses a pretty talent for suggesting the life and environment of back-going places. "Beggar's Manor" is a peculiarly successful study, and the eighteenth-century flavour of the book only gains piquancy from the fact that the time is really the latter half of the hundred years that has just closed. The reader's affections are caught young and are never alienated. Tobias Mozart Spurr, the country virtuoso risen from an innkeeping tradition to the status of a minor country gentleman, takes his place very naturally in the picture, and his old-fashioned piano-strumming, varied by his own milk-and-water compositions, creates a diffused ripple of enjoyment throughout the volume. It is in incidentals such as these that the author scores. As a story, the book seems but an echo of many. Charles Babington, the impoverished heir, bars his union with Tobias's delightful daughter, Annabella, by a foolish though perfectly innocent entanglement with a brazen hussy. He marries the girl on a mere chivalrous scruple, and leads a sad life till she deserts him for a full-blooded yokel, when his way is clear to the fair Annabella's arms. This is slight enough material, but the accessories save it. Young Babington's ruinous *ménage*, where he is waited on by "the seven Sleepers"—a septet of

poor relations, the unlawful offspring of his wild grandsire—is of the true stuff of fiction. The humour might easily have degenerated into the grotesque, but Mr. Gilchrist has never lost the just restraint that saves and renders persuasive a difficult situation. The characterisation is clear and eminently human, and the whole setting finely picturesque.

"LONDON ROSES,"

By DORA GREENWELL
McCHESNEY.
(Smith, Elder. 6s.)

It is not until the reader is more than half-way through this "idyll of the British Museum" that the story takes definite shape, but from that point onward the author tells a readable and somewhat original tale. One's quarrel with the first part lies in the fact that in it the characters are rather artificial, for their long talks (not so very remote from picturesque journalistic jargon) on historical associations and old buildings, interspersed by the somewhat empty-headed comments of the American girl, Rhoda, seem so entirely written for effect that they are rather irritating. The types introduced are distinctly more successful than their conversation. From Maurice Courtenay, the ardent Jacobite resembling a Van Dyck portrait, who lived for the ideals of the seventeenth century, to the "Moth," spending his life in the British Museum and hating it the while, nearly all the characters have a certain inspiring freshness about them. Perhaps the best study is that of Thomas Fulford, historian, who is accused of the theft of a valuable letter of Cardinal Wolsey's. As in the case of so many men whose thoughts are for the most part of a bygone age, his handling of the events of real life shows but little wisdom. Suspecting his own brother, Stephen (War Correspondent away out of the reach of explanations), he makes no satisfactory answer to the British Museum authorities and allows the accusation of dishonour to eat slowly into his happiness. However, with the reappearance of Stephen, naturally incensed at his brother's mistrust, and the "Moth's" curious confession of a half-witted revenge on the great Institution which dominates the book, Thomas Fulford takes up his life once more, with an additional reward—the love of the girl who first woke him from his dreams to a sense of real life.

ON THE TABLE.

"How Paris Amuses Itself." By F. Berkeley Smith. (Funk and Wagnall. 6s.)—A light and frivolous book, giving us "the Freedom of the City" copiously illustrated by pen-and-ink, wash, and coloured drawings by a number of noted French artists, in addition to photographs.

"The Golden Sayings of Epictetus." Translated and arranged by Hastings Crossley, M.A. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)—This makes an interesting addition to the "Golden Treasury Series," containing as it does an explanatory preface and a brief Life of Epictetus.

"The Mystery of Murray Davenport." By R. N. Stephens. (Fevleugh Nash. 6s.)—The story of a man who was supposed to bring ill-luck, who, in fact, was called a "Jonah." The scene is laid in New York.

"The Trifler." By Archibald Eyre. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)—A sensational novel.

"Walks in Rome." (Two Vols.) By Augustus J. C. Hare. (St. Clair Baddeley. 10s. 6d.)—In the prefatory note to this 16th edition, Mr. St. Clair Baddeley explains that, owing to the sudden death of the author on the 22nd of January, 1903, he took over the revision of the volumes.

"An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." (Murray. 1s.)—Mr. Murray has issued a paper edition of this much-discussed book and has provided a cover decorated with a true-lover's knot and forget-me-nots to symbolise the ultra-sentimental nature of the contents.

"Cycles and Cycling." By H. Hewitt Griffin, M.J.I. (Bell. 2s.)—A useful technical book with numerous illustrations. It deals with every kind of cycle, from the first "two-wheeler" in 1816 down to the motor-cycle of 1903.

"Jacopo Robusti, called Tintoretto." By J. B. Stoughton Holborn, B.A. (Bell. 5s.)—The latest volume of the series "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture."

"Mr. Keegan's Elopement." By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)—This story has been reprinted from the *Century* and issued, as one of their "Pocket Novels by Favourite Authors," by Messrs. Macmillan.

"A Gloucestershire Wild Garden." By Curator. (Elliot Stock. 6s.)—This book is a chatty account of the successful attempt to maintain a sub-tropical garden in perfection notwithstanding the adverse climate. Illustrated by photographs.

"My Relations with Carlyle." By James Anthony Froude. (Longmans, Green. 2s.)—Some private notes published by Mr. Froude's representatives to vindicate his memory in regard to the controversy.

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VII.—"THE HOUSEWIVES."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MISS MARY.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.



At the mouth of the bay there was a treacherous reef upon which many a fine vessel had gone to pieces. The sands had

encroached on the shore, were still encroaching: only at low-tide the hull of a long-wrecked vessel showed through them. At night, according to the country people, the drowned sailors came back and sat there, a still row in the moonlight.

Beyond the sand were the salt-marshes, beyond the salt-marshes a few unproductive fields, where the sea-pink and the sea-poppy grew among the sparse, dry grasses that would hardly pasture a goat. Beyond the fields was a belt of woodland, holding the bay within its curves. Beyond the woods was the Castle of Waring.

The Warings of Waring were now represented by Miss Mary, and were likely to die out soon enough, since . . . when people spoke of Miss Mary they tapped their foreheads with a smile or a sigh, according to their natures.

There had been a male heir to the name within the memory of people still in the prime of life. A bad egg, said the people, shaking their heads over Mr. Algernon Waring; and it was no wonder the Squire had driven him from his house and shut the door against him for ever.

It was about that time the trouble with Miss Mary began. Up to the time when Squire Waring had bidden Mr. Algernon begone and no longer sully the air of the house in which his girl breathed her innocent breath, Miss Mary had seemed pretty much like other people; a little more dreamy and delicate than most: but dreams and delicacy are not uncommon with girls, and the Squire had been used from his one child's babyhood to listen greedily to tales of how the delicate children made the strong men and women, and so on, until the tale was of the blooming matrons with children about their knees who had developed from girls like his own, white as thistledown, unsubstantial as moonlight.

There had been no very good blood between him and Mr. Algernon at any time. Indeed, Miss Mary had not known her cousin except for a few weeks before the scene in which the Squire drove him from the house. A foolish thing, said the wisecracks at the time, for him ever to have admitted Mr. Algernon, with the character he bore; and more than one humble household had cause, beyond any the Squire had, to curse the hour of his coming to Waring.

These things were kept from Miss Mary's ears. No knowledge of evil sullied the mild brown of her eyes with the great irises like the eyes of a child. She had the figure of a sylph or a fawn, and a gliding footstep which made her shadowy in her white gown as she walked in the woods at evening. She was always fond of solitude and twilight. For a little while, during that visit of Mr. Algernon's, she was no more solitary. After he had gone, she went back to her old, quiet ways, lonelier than ever.

The Squire was not one to notice. He sat poring over his books day after day, and knew as little of the woods and the sea as he did of the world. He saw no change in his girl: she had always been quiet.

The first to notice was Mrs. Susan, Miss Mary's maid, who had been her devoted nurse. After a time, she brought the story to Mrs. Maythorne, the housekeeper. Maythorne watched her young mistress nervously for a little while. Yes, there was no doubt of it; it

was as that kind, fond fool of a Susan woman had said. There was something strange about Miss Mary. Perhaps she was so near the borders of a twilight world that it took but a little shock to push her over altogether. The change was so gradual, so all but imperceptible, that the Squire lived and died without taking any notice of it. He was found dead, with his cold face on an open book, about three o'clock of a summer morning, some four years after Algernon Waring had been driven from the house. He died still hoping that his Mary would marry, and grow buxom in time, and give him grandchildren, so that the place should never come to Algernon.

The two faithful women kept the secret till it could be no longer kept. Those things happened a quarter of a century ago, and, to look at Miss Mary in a bad light, you might think not half-a-dozen years had gone over her head. In a good light, you saw, indeed, the little network of fine lines about the eyes, so incongruous with the great irises. In a good light, you saw that the eyes were wool-gathering. Perhaps you noticed that the fingers moved aimlessly and were never still. Time seemed to have forgotten her else. She had the sylph-like figure, the gliding footstep, still. Her soft pale-brown hair had hardly a silver line. At a little distance and in a dim light she was the girl of twenty-five years ago.

She did nothing strange, nothing to oblige people to notice her affliction. Visitors to the Castle fell away, unless it was the lawyer on legal business, the parson on spiritual, the physician on matters of health.

After the late Squire's death, search had been made for Algernon Waring, to whom, by right, the Castle of Waring now belonged. If he would come forward, he could dispossess his cousin Mary of the ghostly old barrack among the pine-woods, the unproductive fields, the overgrown park. Very little else there was to come to him. The old Squire had seen to that.

Perhaps it was not worth Mr. Algernon's while to come forward. Perhaps he was dead. Anyhow, none wished to see his dark, handsome, reckless face again. He had done enough mischief while he stayed.

Miss Mary's trouble had kept her innocent, innocent as a five-year-old child. Anything so white, so innocent, so gently, faintly smiling there never was that had knowledge of the wickedness and sorrow of the world.

Of the great staff of servants that had once been at Waring only a few, too old to make a new venture, or too attached, remained. Besides Mrs. Maythorne and Mrs. Susan, there was Lovekind the gardener, Waggett the butler, and a couple of elderly housemaids.

Even though no one came, the house went on in its old formal, stately way; the rooms occupied by Miss Mary, the gardens and terraces over which her window looked, had nothing different from old days, when there was the eye of a master over the place.

The good people would have scorned to cheat anything so innocent and so unsuspecting as Miss Mary.

So the terraces shone like green satin. The beds were full of scarlet, azure, and gold, as of old; the peacock screamed as he spread his fans in the sun; the gold-fish swam in a clear basin; the gardens sent up their hot wafts of fragrance, as though to-morrow or the next day the place might not be shut up, going to ruins for want of a master or a mistress.

Maythorne and Susan between them petted Miss Mary as much as any child was ever petted. To see Mrs. Susan as she laundered and "got up" the delicate white muslins and laces for her mistress, she might have been a mother over the dainty little garments of a child. Of evenings, she dressed her lady in some soft thing of white silk or fine woollen, with a string of pearls about her neck and a blue

ribbon in her soft hair; and no one seemed to find it incongruous that a woman nearly half-way through her century should be so attired.

Miss Mary did not seem to remember the passage of the years. It was only lately that Mrs. Susan, dressing her mistress one evening when the summer sun yet lingered, saw a line of bewilderment between the delicate brows while Miss Mary stared at herself in the glass as she might at a stranger.

After that, the glass met with an accident and was put out of sight. Other glasses followed its example. The long mirrors in the drawing-rooms were swathed. Miss Mary did not seem to notice. She had forgotten that momentary scare, since it had not been repeated, as though it had never been.

She wandered about a good deal by herself—safely, for Waring land was all about her, and even the bay where the lost ship lay buried was caught like a half-moon into the arms of Waring woods. Sometimes she had Mrs. Susan's attendance. Sometimes she had not. If she did not choose to have it, she could refuse it with a sweet imperiousness which showed she had not forgotten how to be mistress.

She loved the woods, and would sit there for hours while the sun was high, doing nothing but dreaming. Sometimes the dreams were happy ones, and then she smiled; sometimes they were sad, and then the bewilderment of her face was a piteous thing to see for anyone who loved her.

Someone from outside, catching a glimpse of her one day, had incautiously remarked to Mrs. Susan that Miss Mary would never make old bones.

The good woman turned on the gossip furiously, with almost hysterical anger. Why, what would ail Miss Mary that she should be going when there were so many old to go before her?

They thought of Miss Mary still as young. To the old servants she was a perpetual child in the house. It did not occur to them to think of what would happen to her if she remained when they fell off, one by one. Only it sometimes troubled Mr. Freke, the lawyer, who was kindly as well as shrewd, and kept the affairs of Waring straight. He spoke of it once to his old wife.

"It would be worse," he said, "than changing nurses for a year-old child who had known but one nurse and never any mother."

But more than the woods Miss Mary loved the bay—Deadman's Bay, the country people called it. Her wanderings always ended up there. Mrs. Susan had found her in the twilight more than once, sitting on the hull of the lost vessel where it projected a foot from the sands. Doubtless her sitting there had kept up the superstition for

the country people, who were not likely to come to close quarters with anything sitting by night in that haunted place.

It was very hot August weather, and Miss Mary grew restless. Perhaps it was the heat, perhaps the full moon. She was always a little restless when the moon was at the full. But now, like a child in the heat, she would not eat; she could not sleep; she wandered about the house at nights. She grew whiter, more transparent. That speech of the gossip's returned to Mrs. Susan's mind and made her sweat with fear while she tried to lose it in her anger.

One night, when everyone was asleep, Miss Mary got up, dressed herself, and went out. There was a magnificent golden harvest-moon, inclining to orange in the haze of heat that smoked over the country.

She made her way through the pine-woods, across the fields, over the salt-marshes, and came out midway in the bay where the wreck of the ship was.

Then her heart gave one great spring in her breast, and fell, feebly fluttering like a bird that has been shot. But it was joy and not anguish. At last! She had not kept count of time, and, perhaps, the years counted to her as months. But, anyhow, time had dragged, and it had been dreary. Now, at last, he was waiting for her, sitting on the hull of the vessel as he had so often waited in the old heavenly days.

She ran to him over the sea-sands noiselessly. He was sitting with his chin on his breast and did not seem to hear her coming—a swarthy man, with, if daylight had been there to reveal it, the face of a soul that has looked on Heaven and found Hell. Daylight, too, would have shown the dark hair thickly sown with grey, the haggard temples, the dead-tiredness of the whole face. But the orange moon in its heat-haze was kinder.

"Algernon," said a voice by his shoulder.

It might have been Juliet's voice in Verona, so thrilled was it with young ardour, so nightingale-sweet.

The man started and then drew back. "Mary!" he said, huskily. The voice was changed from the voice she remembered.

If he could have seen it, a mist fell over the radiance of her face. Then it lightened again; some pleasant thought had come to her.

"Mary!" repeated the man, still drawing away from her. "Are you a ghost, Mary, or have the years stood still? They had not prepared me for this."

She seemed hardly to have heard him. That new thought was thrilling and lighting her face, making it more and more radiant.

"Ah!" she said; "I find you sitting in the dead men's place, where so often we sat together when we were both of this world. I think I knew all the time, Algernon, that you were dead, else you would never



[DRAWN BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.]

For a moment she was light as a snowflake in his arms. For a moment his lips were on hers.

"MISS MARY."

have left me without a word. And so you have come back from the dead to keep tryst with me once again. Oh, what love, Algernon, what faith!"

For an instant the man's chin sank lower on his breast. Then it lifted stealthily and he looked at her with burning eyes.

"You might be out of Heaven, Mary," he said, "sent to lay a drop of water on a parched wretch's tongue. And yet . . . do you suppose he would be the better for that drop of water, knowing that once he might have slaked his thirst ocean-deep, and that now he must go parched for ever?"

She came a step nearer, anxiety clouding her radiant face as it might a child's who finds something said too difficult to understand.

"I don't understand, Algernon," she said, gently. "You can never thirst."

For a moment his lips parted as though the tongue were swollen within them. Then he said, with a gentleness almost equal to hers—

"Of course not, Mary. I was thinking of a poor wretch . . ."

Her thoughts were not following him. He had an odd idea that the gold of the moon was in her garments like a light, reflected in the pearls at her throat, making quiet fires of happiness in the depths of her eyes.

"Shall I sit by you, Algernon?" she asked. "You know I am not afraid of the dead. How often I came here to meet you in the old days, and many a time since! There never was anyone here. Perhaps I frightened them away. I have been here so often. How long is it since you left me, Algernon? I have forgotten."

The muslin of her gown brushed him and he moved away with an almost imperceptible movement.

"An eternity, Mary," he answered.

"I thought so too," she said. "But, of course, in months and weeks it has not really been long. I don't know when it was that it came to me you must be dead, since you had not sent me a word. After that, it was easy enough, except when—when I doubted. It was terrible while I thought you lived."

The man made an inarticulate sound of pity.

"And then Papa died," she went on, dreamily. "I used to think Papa was angry with you and had sent you away. But he was always good to me, poor Papa! And then I used to think that there were terrible things said against you—things I could not speak of. Of course, it was not true."

"Of course not, Mary," said the man, with a spasm of his face.

"And it was because you died you never came back? You loved me too well to leave me?"

"I never loved you so well as when I left you."

"And then you died, and you have come back to me. Will you come again, Algernon?"

"Perhaps . . . I may not be permitted, Mary. I came a long journey for this night. I shall have a long journey to go to where I am going. It is time I took that journey. And you, you must not wander at night, child. Promise me you will not come here at night."

"I am not afraid of the dead men, Algernon."

"I know. But promise me you will not come. You used always to obey me in the old days, Mary."

"I will do what you tell me, Algernon."

"And now you will go home: go home and sleep, and dream happy dreams, Mary."

"The time will not be long," she said, "now that I have seen you. I always knew that you loved me. But there were vexatious things that would return, things that were said and whispered. They can never come back again."

She stood looking at him an instant. Hitherto he had not so much as touched a fold of her garments. Now he moved nearer, and his face darkened as though the blood had rushed to it.

"Give me one kiss, Mary," he pleaded, "for the sake of old times, to serve me for that long, long journey, for the eternity in which I shall not kiss you again."

For a moment she was light as a snowflake in his arms. For a moment his lips were on hers.

"Your lips are not cold," she murmured. "They burn like fire."

"And yours are like the dews," he answered. "And now, run home, child. Your hair is wet with the sea-fog. See how it has covered the moon! And, remember, you are to come here no more. Dream happy dreams, my dear."

She went with a hanging head, her old habit of obedience making her go while she longed to stay. When she had gone a little way she looked back. The sea-fog had rolled in and hidden all the bay. But on the higher ground the moon was still shining.

Its light went with her all the way home. It flooded the silent house as she went up the stairs. Once, as she passed a muffled mirror, she smiled to herself, catching a shimmer as of silver in its depths, and remembering that once she had had a vision in a mirror of how she would look when she grew old.

The moonlight was on her face while she slept. Perhaps it was baleful, as they say the moon is. Anyhow, when Mrs. Susan came to the bedside in the morning, she cried out at the change in Miss Mary's face. Her age had found her out. Though the lips smiled and smiled, this was not the Miss Mary of yesterday.

But it was only that, in the night, the child's soul had escaped and left the body to the burden of its years. Miss Mary's heart had broken for joy.

GREEN FIELDS IN IRELAND. By NORA CHESSEON.

The green fields in Ireland are golden fields to-day:
Och, the miles on miles of buttercups, the blossom of the May!
I heard the streets of London were paven all with gold,
But Fortune is a Leprechaun, she'll slither from your hold.

The green fields in Ireland are sweet beneath the rain,
My soul would leave my body to see those fields again;
For here in lonely London the body hardly knows—
So hard it is to win one's bread—the colour of a rose.

The green fields in Ireland 'tis I would die to see:
The poor soil, the clay floor, were good enough for me.
Here, 'mid so many houses, the sky looks grey and far,
And, dazzled with the lamplight, one seeks not for a star.

The green fields in Ireland are calling, calling still:
They haunt me like the echo that leaps from hill to hill
When from some wanderer's fiddle the oldest tunes of all
Come out in golden laughter, in silver sorrow fall.

The green fields in Ireland are pulling at my heart,
They draw me from the city wherein I have no part;
I shake from off the limbs of me the broken links of chain,
For the green fields of Ireland they draw me home again.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



NEXT Saturday night the present writer intends, should all go well, to witness the finish of a most popular playhouse which, nearly thirty-five years ago, he saw begun. In point of fact, the old Gaiety into which I struggled with many another enthusiastic first-nighter close upon Christmas in the year 1868 is next Saturday to disappear from public view for ever; that is to say, it will vanish from playgoers' view. For Mr. George Edwardes, the second and last of the old Gaiety's rulers, will, he tells me, throw open the house next Monday (July 6) to any who care to explore its auditorium, stage, and dressing-rooms for the last time before this playhouse is deleted (as one may say) from London Theatredom.

On the first-night of the then new Gaiety (made out of the unsuccessful "Strand Musick Hall") the first piece of any importance was "On the Cards," an adaptation expressly made for the late Alfred Wigan, an actor who was equally artistic both in English and French characters. I mention this (and the subsequent play of the evening) because I remember that in both these pieces Miss Nellie Farren on that eventful first-night played two of those "principal boy" parts in which she afterwards became so famous. I can call to mind that in "On the Cards" Miss Farren represented a saucy lad in a very "saucy" velvet jacket, and that in the second piece, which was a burlesque of "Robert the Devil," by the then comparatively green Mr. W. S. Gilbert, she enacted the name-part.

Do not be alarmed, gentle reader! I do not propose to inflict upon you a *résumé* of old-time Gaiety successes. Such a task could, of course, be more interestingly supplied by my friend, Mr. John Hollingshead. As a matter of fact, that eighteen years' Gaiety manager has been engaged by his only successor, Mr. George Edwardes, to supply a Gaiety Souvenir to be given away at the last performance there next Saturday. This souvenir will be of such a costly character that, Mr. Edwardes assures me at the moment of writing, he finds it necessary to do what has never been done at the Gaiety (except at the O. P. Club Nellie Farren reception-night); that is, make the pit and gallery seats bookable only, no money being taken at the doors. Mr. Edwardes tells me that he is impelled to this unusual step lest certain souvenir "speculators," who have several times of late swooped down both upon cheap seats and gratis souvenirs, should this time seek to work their wicked will upon these mementoes. These souvenirs will, I may tell you, cost something like half-a-guinea apiece for distribution in all parts of the house.

In addition to other now celebrated but formerly "stock" members of the old Gaiety Company who have promised to sing, act, dance, or (as the man in Dickens's story said) "beat a drum or blow something" on the Gaiety's last night—such as Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Miss Florence St. John, Mr. E. W. Royce, and so on—Mr. Edwardes had hopes of securing those ennobled Gaiety favourites the Countess of Orkney (formerly known as Miss Constance Gilchrist)

and the Marchioness of Headfort, who a year or two ago was the Gaiety's own Miss Rosie Boote. But whether Mr. Edwardes may secure these long-popular ladies or not, he will doubtless be fortunate enough to be favoured with the presence of the aforesaid principal "principal boy" of the Gaiety, namely, Miss Nellie Farren.

To many a comparatively young Gaiety-goer it may seem strange to mention Sir Henry Irving as a member of the disappearing Gaiety Company. As a matter of fact, the then "Mr." Henry Irving, at that time a struggling young actor whose promising merits few critics seemed anxious to recognise, played at the Gaiety a good while as principal "villain" and character-actor to his dear old friend and sometime constant helper, Mr. John L. Toole. And well I remember that on a certain night, when Toole was playing "Uncle Dick's

Darling" with the late John Clayton, the late Adelaide Neilson, and "Mr. H. Irving" in the cast, a rather memorable prophecy was made. With the author of the play, Henry J. Byron, sat no less a personage than Charles Dickens, then within a year of his all too early death. Dickens was somewhat interested in "Uncle Dick's Darling," by reason of the fact that Byron, who did not often "adapt" his plays, had founded this especial piece upon Dickens's short story, "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions." Toole played the "Cheap Jack" part, and Irving was cast for a character called Mr. Chevenix, M.P. Irving had not long been on the stage before Dickens, asking Byron who that actor was, remarked, "That young man will be a great actor one of these days." Which remark, of course, gave additional proof that Dickens had something of the prophetic as well as of the fictional instinct.

To sum up as regards Gaiety matters, it is, of course, soothing, not to say "grateful and comforting," to note that a new Gaiety will soon be here to eclipse the dulness of nations. The new Gaiety, Mr.

Edwardes assures me at the moment of writing, is shaping splendidly for opening early in September with the new "Orchid Hunt" play.

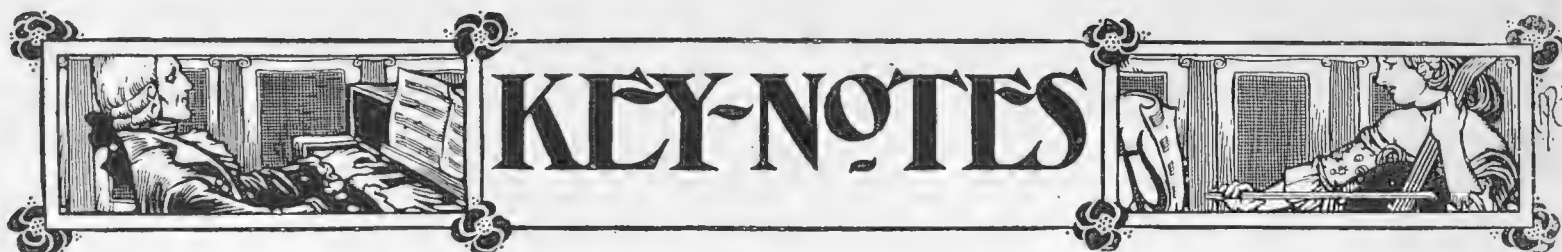
At the Strand Theatre to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon there will be presented (by permission of Mr. Frank Curzon) a new farcical comedy written by Mr. W. Sapte junior, and entitled "The Crammers."

Miss Annie Hughes's adaptation of R. D. Blackmore's famous novel, "Lorna Doone," is being played at the Avenue for a series of three matinées. By the time these notes are printed the first performance will have been given, and to-morrow and Friday "Lorna Doone" will be repeated. Miss Lilian Eldée, the clever young actress who has made so great a success as Francesca da Rimini in "Dante" at Drury Lane, plays the part of the beautiful Lorna, and Mr. Hayden Coffin impersonates the muscular John Ridd. The cast also includes, among others, Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. Norman McKinnel, Mr. Conway Tearle, Mr. Frederick Volpé, Mr. Robert Loraine, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, Miss Daisy Thimm, Miss Winifred Fraser, and the gifted young actress responsible for the adaptation.



MR. TREE AS AUSTIN LIMMASON IN "THE MAN WHO WAS," THE ONE-ACT PLAY ADAPTED FROM MR. KIPLING'S STORY BY MR. KINSEY PEILE.

Photograph by Burford, Waltham Cross.



KEY-NOTES

AFTER the Grand Rehearsal on Saturday, the Handel Festival opened on Tuesday last with a performance of the "Messiah."

This is, of course, Handel's greatest work, and the performance was extremely good in every respect. The Chorus sang as well as it is possible for any chorus of such tremendous proportions to sing; in "Lift up your heads" and in "Behold the Lamb of God" the delicacy and sweetness of their singing was particularly noticeable—a very great compliment to pay. Not once did this huge body of singers in these works get separated, and their tone and quality of voice throughout were remarkably good. Madame Clara Butt sang the contralto part exquisitely; the wonderful depth and quality of her voice may always be heard to special advantage in the great spaces of the Crystal Palace, and her rendering of "He shall feed His flock" was really beyond all praise; she made no attempt at exaggeration, but simply sang with an ease which surely embodied the composer's true and inner meaning. Madame Albani sang just as we are all accustomed to hear her sing. Mr. Santley was amazing, his vigour and strength marking him out once more as occupying the position of the great singer he has always been allowed to be. Mr. Ben Davies was not at his very best at the beginning of the Festival; his vocalisation was lacking both in distinction and in sweetness. Dr. Frederic Cowen, the Conductor, extracted everything that was possible out of the forces at his command; he made his personality felt at all times, and he was never lacking in energy.

Miss Marie Hall continues to prove her capacity for filling her namesake, from the surname standpoint, wherever she goes—the jest may, perhaps, be permitted. The St. James's Hall was, a few days ago, quite filled by an enthusiastic audience when she gave her violin recital, assisted by Mrs. Henry J. Wood and Mr. Gottfried Galston. One fears very much that Miss Hall's reputation has grown somewhat too quickly, and, although she plays with extremely fine technical accomplishment, she is beginning to prove that at the back of all things she can scarcely be considered the great artist that the public claims her to be at the outset of her public career. In the Kreutzer Sonata, a most exacting and trying work for the solo violinist, it can

only be said that she played with accuracy and with great attentiveness to the actual score of Beethoven; as for ripeness or richness of feeling, she showed no sign of it whatever. In Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, however, she reached a level very much higher than that which distinguished her Beethoven playing. One is inclined to think that where she fails the reason is owing to sheer indifference for the music which she has in hand. Mrs. Henry Wood sang Richard Strauss's "Ruhe, meine Steele" very well indeed, and Mr. Galston played Rubinstein's "Etude de Concert" (in C Major) with considerable emotion and right feeling.

M. Alvarez made his *entrée* at the Opera in the part of Othello during the past week. "Othello" is, without any question, Verdi's

Wagnerian scores or with the earlier achievements of Verdi's life. The work is, therefore, unique; and the fact that Boito wrote the libretto makes of the opera a unified product of art which is to be rivalled only in Berlioz's "Faust" and in Wagner's compositions wherein both musicians realised that their best work lay in the accomplishment of their own ideas. Middle. Pacquot was not altogether a successful Desdemona, chiefly because Verdi wrote so exquisitely for the voice that unless the voice be good the result is not complete triumph. Scotti's Iago was good, but somewhat lacking in subtlety, a quality which M. Maurel, who created the part, made the most of. Madame Kirkby Lunn was quite good as Emilia, and the lesser parts were creditable. Mancinelli conducted, and though his appreciation of the work is assuredly most commendable, one may yet raise a protest against his perpetual rapping of the conductor's desk when he desires to pull his forces together. He should learn that such a method is extremely unpopular with any audience.



M. ALVAREZ AS OTHELLO.

Photograph by Dupont, New York.

Last Thursday, the Selection Day at the Handel Festival was exceedingly interesting; the Chorus was quite good, though at times there was a tendency towards weakness on the part of the sopranos; the Choir was at its best in the selections from "Solomon," though, as was natural, the piano effects were not so good as they would have been with a smaller number of voices. Yet in the final chorus, "Praise the Lord," it went with a tremendous swing and great equality of singing. Madame Clara Butt was as good as good could be; we do not, indeed, remember to have heard her to better advantage than on this occasion; Mr. Ben Davies also sang remarkably well. Mr. Kennerley Rumford sang as well as he could, his rendering of "Thrice blest that wise discerning King" being especially excellent. Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. John Coates, and Miss Marguerite Macintyre also took part in the day's entertainment. Sir Walter Parratt played the solo instrument in the Concerto for Organ, Orchestra, and Chorus. Dr. Frederic Cowen conducted exceedingly well, but at times the enormous body of forces under his command seemed to get a little out of hand. With Saturday's performance of "Israel in Egypt" the Handel Festival was appointed to come to a close.

At the Albert Hall last Thursday, Lady Maud Warrender gave a Grand Concert in aid of the Union Jack Club, at which the King and Queen were present, together with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Choir of the Leeds Choral Union sang Sullivan's "God sent His Messenger, the Rain," from "The Golden Legend," with great vitality and purity of tone. Mr. Andrew Black sang "The Union Jack in Town" with immense verve; but it was a great mistake to have placed his song immediately after the choral singing, coming as this did to us with so enormous a volume of sound. Madame Clara Butt sang "The Lost Chord," accompanied by the Queen's Hall Orchestra and Grand Organ; it is a song which exactly suits her wonderful voice, and she interpreted it splendidly. Miss Marie Hall played the solo violin in the first Movement from Tchaikowsky's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, giving to it all the feeling and technical skill of which she is capable. Mr. Henry J. Wood conducted the Concerto, and also Tchaikowsky's "1812," played with splendid effectiveness by the Queen's Hall Orchestra and Massed Bands. Madame Albani sang Bach-Gounod's "Ave Maria" with all her well-known skill, the violin obbligato being played by Miss Marie Hall. Altogether, the concert was remarkably interesting, and it assuredly drew a very large audience to the Albert Hall.

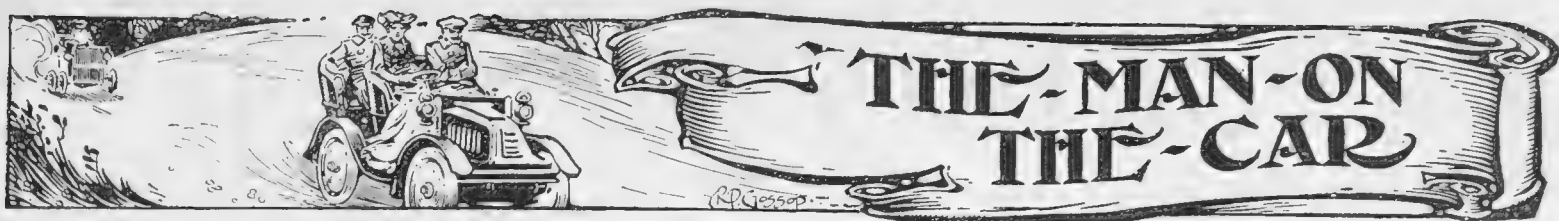
COMMON CHORD.



THE HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: MR. ANDREW BLACK.

Photograph by C. Sweet, Rothsay, N. B.

most magnificent opera; in it he put to use all his amazing knowledge of the past combined with his determination to acquaint himself with the future of music. That determination was as near as possible identified with action, and "Othello" becomes therewith a curious masterpiece—a masterpiece undoubtedly, but one which takes no rank either with



Incitements to Outrage—The Motor Union—The Great Race—Livery for Mécaniciens.

THE results of throwing the columns of respectable journals open to incitements to the committal of outrages upon automobilists are already in evidence. Mr. Henry Edmunds, M.I.C.E., a well-known member of the Automobile Club and a pioneer automobilist, tells a story of the disgraceful treatment of Mrs. Edmunds, her son, and two friends when returning from Ascot on Mr. Edmunds' well-known car, "The Antrona." The car was moving slowly in the line of traffic, when a horse, which, be it understood, had *not* been frightened by the car, bolted from some point far to the rear and came careering madly by. Some way farther on it collided with a vehicle coming in the opposite direction, with the result that both vehicles were overturned and the occupants thrown out. Mrs. Edmunds' mechanic, who is equally at home with either hay or petrol motors, and her son went to render assistance. While the two men had departed on their errand of mercy, a crowd gathered round the car and abused the unprotected ladies in unprintable language, one courageous person suggesting that they should be shot, while another hero threw earth at

as to home and foreign routes and tours, together with information, otherwise most difficult of access, as to Customs formalities and duties. A hotel system is in course of arrangement with special reference to accommodation and charges for automobilists and their cars, and by this system the Motor Unionist will benefit. Further information can be obtained of Mr. W. Rees Jeffreys, the Secretary, 16, Down Street, Piccadilly, W.

The fact that no serious accident took place in connection with the Circuit des Ardennes race, run on the 22nd ult., in which twenty-seven cars started and eight finished, gives us hope that similar good fortune may smile upon the great race that starts at seven to-morrow morning across St. George's Channel. In this race twelve cars only will be loosed, and these at intervals of seven minutes. The English drivers have elected to start upon the 35 horse-power rather than the 45 horse-power Napiers, which latter have been so absurdly referred to from time to time in the daily Press as 110 horse-power



Mr. Wellington and Miss Naomi Barton
on a 12 horse-power Brook Car.

Miss Lettice Fairfax, Mr. Percy Richardson,
and M. Marconi on a 22 horse-power Daimler.

Mr. Instone and Miss Pauline Chase
on a 16 horse-power Daimler.

THE THEATRICAL LADIES' MOTOR MEET.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent-Street, W. (See "Molloy Notes.")

them. Such disgraceful and disgusting occurrences as this are the direct outcome of the correspondence which has been allowed to appear in the columns of the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, wherein it was suggested by one writer that automobilists should be shot at, while another boasted of having driven down twenty cyclists and wished he could behave similarly to automobilists.

Every member of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland is *ipso facto* a member of the Motor Union, but, in view of the coming legislation and the present persecution to which automobilists all up and down the country are now subject at the hands of Hooligans and the police, it is necessary that every motorist should rally to its ranks. The Motor Union has already done valuable work in legally defending and advising its members, and in taking steps to oppose the levying of outrageous tolls and charges upon motor-cars—to wit, the reduction of the toll levied upon cars passing over Maidenhead Bridge to the reasonable sum of twopence, in lieu of two shillings, or some such amount. The Motor Union seeks to be an organisation of all owners and users of mechanically propelled vehicles, and at present performs its work under the auspices of the big Club. The subscription is only one guinea per annum, and in return for this a member has the right to ask consideration of any claim for financial and legal assistance in respect of actions at law, either civil or criminal, in connection with the use of motor-vehicles. Further, he may have advice free of cost

cars. In the opinion of an expert like Mr. Edge, the race is not likely to be run at a greater average speed than forty-five miles per hour, and if this is so the chances of anything like bad accidents are proportionately remote. Only the English and American drivers have, however, taken pains to learn the course; the French and German experts, with the exception of the Chevalier René de Knyff, who went over the course on a low-powered car some weeks ago, have no knowledge of it at all.

It is to be hoped that Fashion will presently determine the livery of the motor *mécanicien*. I do not employ the word *chauffeur*, for, as that term is used in France, it is held to denote the owner of a motor or an amateur driver. The professional driver as now employed by many automobilists is generally attired in greasy-looking leather, and, no matter how trim and natty the man, his clothes, which might serve equally as the professional *lingerie* of a deep-sea diver or an employé of the Commissioners of Sewers, detract from the appearance of the smartest-looking car ever put upon the road. To adopt the ordinary coachman's livery as attire for a motor-driver is to hand the wretched man over bound hand and foot to the scorching sarcasms of the 'bus-driver and the cabby. I have seen some quite suitable attire in drab and green cloths, with neat peaked-cap, the jacket and trousers being piped or braided, and metal buttons used upon the coat.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Newmarket—Sandown—Non-Betting Owners—Alexandra Park—Goodwood.

THE July meetings at Headquarters are the most popular held on the Heath. The little Course behind the Ditch reminds one forcibly of a miniature Goodwood with its green-sward and shady trees. As the King is at Newmarket this week, the fixture will be a big Society function, while the Sales will attract the attendance

of breeders from all parts of the country. The racing will be of fair class, but speculators should play lightly, as the altered going may upset calculations. The fields are bound to be large, as owners need not hesitate to run their cripples even on the beautiful going. The event of the meeting will be the race for the Princess of Wales Stakes of £10,000, which is to be run on the Suffolk Stakes course on Thursday. Seemingly, the race is a match between Ard Patrick and Royal Lancer, and I hardly think Darling's colt could give 9 lb. to Royal Lancer, who may perform a deal better than he did at Ascot. Alderman may win the Summer Handicap. It is hoped that His Majesty the King will capture the Fulbourne Stakes

suit Sceptre, although she is a stayer and a glutton for work. On last year's Derby running, Ard Patrick has a big chance, provided he is fit and well, although it must be noted that the Beckhampton stable has been dead out of form this year. Another little fact must not be overlooked: Pekin, who runs well at Sandown, was backed to beat both Ard Patrick and Sceptre in the Derby of 1902!

It is well known in the sporting world that Lord Howard de Walden does not gamble. Indeed, I am told that his Lordship seldom has more than a stray sovereign on his horses, and he races only for the love of the sport. No wonder that the public invariably support his Lordship's horses in handicaps, knowing that they will get a straight run for their money. Major Beatty, who manages Lord Howard de Walden's racing-stables, is a good all-round sportsman and a first-rate trainer. He knows how to train a horse and how to place him. It was a great disappointment to Major Beatty when Glass Jug failed to run up to expectations for the Cambridgeshire, while St. Maclou, a stable-companion, only just got beaten by Ballantrae. According to rumour, a circus was pitched close to the stables, and the trumpeting of one of the elephants upset Glass Jug during the night previous to the race. The filly proved by her win in the Wokingham Stakes that there were grounds for fancying her chance for the Cambridgeshire.

Perhaps the most popular meeting in the London district, at least so far as the gallery crowd is concerned, is the Alexandra Park July fixture. If the weather be fine, the pretty slopes of Muswell Hill will be crowded with sightseers on Saturday, and, as the course always affords the best of going, fields should rule large. The chief event of the fixture will be the race for the London Cup, and, as Australian Star has accepted, few will care to look beyond Mr. Spencer Gollan's horse in their hunt for the probable winner. "The Star" is a good all-round performer. He jumps hurdles, is a safe 'chaser, and is a very good flat-racer when at his best. In his cantering action he reminds one somewhat of Sceptre, and, strange to add, both animals are popular with the public. In Saturday's race there may be found dangerous opponents to "The Star" in Wavelet's Pride and Over Norton, while it should be noted that Amoret II., who hails from Beatty's stable, is well in. I shall, however, plump for Australian Star.

It is unfortunate that His Majesty the King will be unable to honour the Goodwood Meeting with his presence this year, but we are to have the Prince and Princess of Wales at the meeting. As the going is always of the very best at Goodwood, the handicaps and two-year-old races can be relied on to yield well, and speculation is certain to be of a brisk order.

CAPTAIN COE.



CELEBRITIES WHO GOLF: MR. W. HIGLEY, THE WELL-KNOWN BARITONE.

Photograph by C. Clayton and S. Brereton.

on Friday, as he has one or two reputably smart two-year-olds engaged, and Marsh's young horses are coming on again.

The Sandown Park Eclipse Meeting, which takes place on July 17 and 18, is very likely to be a regular Ascot gathering, as town will be very full and the Eclipse Stakes will be highly charged with interest. If Ard Patrick, Rock Sand, Sceptre, Flotsam, Rabelais, and Pekin go to the post, the race will be a grand one. By-the-bye, there are a couple of French horses left in, but they may not compete. The best judges of racing are divided between Rock Sand and Sceptre, but Mr. Sievier simply laughs at the idea of the mare being beaten by Rock Sand. It can be said of Sir James Miller's Derby-winner that he is little but good. Again, the uphill finish may not quite



A FINE MORNING IN ROTTEN ROW.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE pursuit of pleasure, which is immemorially laborious, has never been more soul-wearing than in this present year of abnormal wet weather. Outdoor functions in which the spirit of the Briton delights have been squeezed dry—or rather, soaked wet—of any elements of pleasure, and how mournful indoor garden-parties can be only those who have perforce participated in any

value of which was “discovered” by a great French modiste four or five seasons back. Maltese, Brussels, and the charming lace of Bruges are also to be seen, and, it may be added, while at their present prices, to see is to possess. Though not learned in the intricacies of masculine garments, I am assured by those who know that Robinson and Cleaver amply perform what they profess, and that is to outfit the mere male in the best manner at the lowest price—than which an “outfitter” can surely no farther go.

One hears, amongst other items of national import, that the rage for Panama hats which penetrated all parts of the community last year has had its *coup de grâce* because of the cheap imitations that have “flooded the market.” The cheap imitation is not, indeed, confined to the once-treasured ten-guinea Panama. It invades all places, appeals to all persons, and appears in all things. It kills a new fashion in the bud and murders innocent belief in many forms—perhaps in none more than in one’s intimate surroundings, and amongst these more particularly one’s chairs and tables and wardrobes, with legs that totter and casters that come off, and doors that stick and drawers that struggle. Who does not know the modern cheap imitation of the conscientious workers of olden times? One’s Lares and Penates present constant object-lessons in both.

Meanwhile, a neat, blue-covered booklet but to-day arrived by post reminds me that these pessimistic reflections do not everywhere apply, for in Tottenham Court Road itself, so lately objurgated by the inimitable Lord Curzon, who has lost count of its gradual evolution, stands a firm where excellence is a well-established motto and where good, solid English work finds its best expression. The firm of Heal and Son, long known as specialising in bedroom furniture, has just



[Copyright.]

A PRETTY DESIGN IN CREAM VOILE AND LACE.

way realise. Hurlingham, with desolate, rain-soaked polo-ground, and cheerful little Ranelagh abandoned to blazing fires in its picturesque hearth-places, are spectacles to draw tears from the most stony-hearted British matron. Nor do the meteorological people seek to cheer us with prognostications of better things. Anti-cyclones and storms from Scandinavia are their only traffic at the moment, so that even the Sales do not offer their pious July sacrifices with the same unfailing attractiveness as before, for what, argues economy, “doth it profit a woman to loose her strings (purse!) for frivolities that may never be exploited?”

One occasion, however, that no ills of atmosphere can touch is the great sale of linen, household, personal, and otherwise, which Robinson and Cleaver initiated on Monday last (29th ult.), and which lasts throughout July. Besides a large surplus stock of guaranteed Irish damask linen table-cloths and napkins at very low prices, an interesting collection of lace curtains of really artistic design and texture are being literally “offered” to a very responsive public. Matinées, dressing-gowns, and more subterranean garments of fair feminine usage are in the copious list of bargains on view, while especially smart versions of the ever-useful blouse proclaim their reduced values on every side.

Real lace, for which Robinson and Cleaver are justly celebrated, is most representatively exhibited. Irish laces, with which they naturally lead, are shown at very tempting figures, from beautiful examples of Irish point made in the Youghal and Kilkenny convents and other centres to the popular and inexpensive Irish crochet, the decorative



[Copyright.]

A TAILOR-MADE COAT-AND-SKIRT OF HABIT CLOTH.

issued the aforesaid booklet, which illustrates many quaint and charming reproductions of Queen Anne and Early Georgian mahogany bedroom furniture of the eighteenth century. Simplicity and strength, combined with the utmost refinement of outline, are the characteristics

of all examples reproduced, and, while admiring the patient finish and perfect detail of each object, one is also reminded of the great contrast between their modest prices and the extravagant cost which would have marked them in former times. Messrs. Heal and Son wisely



A CHAIR AT HEAL AND SON'S.

realise that everybody nowadays, no matter what his income, wants exactly twice as much as is meted out to him, for many are the demands of modern life. So, while preserving the beauty of form and true sincerity of workmanship that prevailed in earlier times, they have arrived at a moderation in price which cannot fail to impress the observant seeker after perfection.

A week ago we were in the grip of Polar winter, and to-day we find it in our ungrateful constitutions to grumble at being suffocated in sudden summer. Certainly the atmospheric authorities are not given to do things by halves in this island. We are plunged in snow or grilled in equatorial heat within a short eight days, but with no inter-

mediary gradations of dawning summer. What one has chiefly enjoyed, I think, during the past eight days has been the time spent in one's bath, and if to that much-esteemed luxury is added a dash of Scrubb's revivifying Ammonia, life even at ninety in the shade becomes brisk and bearable. But not alone in the bath does the indispensable Scrubb shed a beneficent influence. The butler's pantry welcomes him with equal emotion. How bright he makes the silver shine, how white the cambric handkerchiefs or laces entrusted to his care, how grease-spots vanish and cleanliness prevails even in dirty London under the immortal auspices of Scrubb! If anything were missing from the lives of those picturesque ancients whom Alma-Tadema loves to re-incarnate, it must surely have been a bottle—or rather, a puncheon, for they bathed much—of Scrubb's Liquid Ammonia.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

MOTOR-MAID (Aboyne).—Above all things, take wraps and veils, especially one of the "Claxton" variety, with its invisible mask, which protects the eyes; and, as hunger is a never-failing result of "motoring," you will find a good stock of Cadbury's delicious Chocolates, especially their "Milk Chocolate," most soul-satisfying. It is to be had, in penny, threepenny, and sixpenny packages, of all grocers. I mention Cadbury's as it is especially good. My last suggestion would be to avoid a broken neck; but that depends on your pace, and, if you live to arrive at hot baths when the race is over, some Scrubb's Ammonia therein will immensely add to your general rejoicings.

SYBIL.

The music for Miss Annie Hughes's adaptation of "Lorna Doone," at the Avenue Theatre matinées, has been written by Mr. Ernest Bucalossi. This includes songs for Miss Lilian Eldée, &c., an entr'acte, and music descriptive of the play.

A new grill-room was recently opened in connection with the Hôtel Victoria, a few doors from Trafalgar Square. It possesses the advantage of being on the ground-floor, and, like the Victoria, is under the management of the Gordon Hotels.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announce that on Monday, July 6, a number of special trains will be run to Folkestone for the races. A Club Train leaves Charing Cross at 11.7 a.m., calling at Waterloo and London Bridge, by which the fare (first-class) will be eight shillings. Special trains will be run to London and principal stations after the races.

From the Bay of Biscay a courteous little note has reached *The Sketch*. Tankerville-Chamberlaine-Bey points out that the word "Aisha," appearing under one of our Summer Supplement pictures, does not mean "Mary," but "Life." The Arabic form of the name "Mary," it seems, is "Mariam."

An American friend, who has lately revisited the United States after a sojourn of five years in Europe, tells me that what impressed him most in the States is the change in the drinking habits of the people. At one time, everybody who did not drink lager-beer drank rye whisky; now three men out of four drink Scotch whisky and Apollinaris. Scotch whisky sells at six or seven shillings a bottle, so that Scotch distillers ought to be making a good thing, even if the Kentucky distillers and the lager-beer brewers find things going awry.

RAILWAY SUMMER - HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE bright weather which has come after a long spell of cold winds and cloudy skies naturally turns one's thoughts to holiday-making; hence the announcements issued by the various Railway Companies of their arrangements for the months more especially devoted to change and recuperation are particularly welcome.

The Great Central, our youngest but not least enterprising railway, have made various arrangements to meet the convenience of passengers, and many important accelerations of their service come into force to-day. The Great Central is the first Company to run an express between London and Sheffield without a stop, and this in record time; a similar express leaves Sheffield daily for Marylebone. Both trains are provided with restaurant-cars. Practically the whole service of the Line has been improved and quickened, and all express trains are vestibuled and have a buffet-car available for first and third class passengers. It is impossible to enumerate here even a tithe of the facilities provided by Mr. Sam Fay for those who travel over the Great Central's system, but all information may be obtained at the Marylebone Terminus and the usual Agencies and Town Offices.

To-day, too, the Great Northern Railway Company inaugurate various alterations and additions to their train service. Those whose fancy takes them to the North and Scotland are catered for by numerous expresses provided with sleeping-cars and dining facilities for first and third class passengers, and special arrangements have also been made in connection with Norway sailings from Hull, so those who would go farther afield will find their path made easy to the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

The Midland Company's service to Scotland, via Settle and Carlisle, has also been improved, and passengers for the Midlands, North of England, and the Highlands and Lowlands will be able to take their ease on the journey, since the principal day-trains are provided with cars in which they may breakfast, lunch, or dine, and the night expresses have sleeping-cars attached, so that passengers may drop into a comfortable dose at St. Pancras and wake up just in time to collect their luggage at the end of the journey.

The London and South-Western Company's Steamship summer services to the Channel Islands and Havre leave nothing to be desired, and it should be noted that the connection between the boat and train at Havre is guaranteed, so that the annoyance so often experienced by travellers of arriving just too late to catch the connecting train becomes a thing of the past. The fares, too, are exceedingly moderate, and the return-tickets are available for lengthened periods. Return-tickets are also issued for circular tours throughout Normandy and Brittany, in connection with the Western Railway of France, by either of four distinctive routes. All information will be gladly given at any of the Company's offices.

Those for whom the grand scenery and bracing air of the Highlands possess peculiar attractions are well catered for by the Great North of Scotland Railway. Through tickets are issued at the principal English and Scotch stations to Inverness and the Highlands, and the fast trains of the East and West Coast and Midland Companies are continued via Aberdeen and Elgin.

Others, however, may prefer to "Tour Ireland," and to these every assistance will be afforded by Mr. G. K. Turnham, at the Irish Railways Tourist Office, 2, Charing Cross, S.W., of whom also the official guide, replete with information and beautifully illustrated, may be obtained, free.

The Great Northern Railway (Ireland) run four express services daily from London to Belfast and Londonderry, and, what with the Company's excellent hotels at Bundoran, Rostrevor, and Warrenpoint, motor-coaches to meet the trains, golfing privileges afforded visitors, to say nothing of the lovely scenery of the surrounding country, the tourist may go much farther and fare infinitely worse.

The picturesque scenery of Switzerland, Norway, and Germany is nowadays easily accessible to all who wish for a thorough and complete change of scene and surroundings. By the Royal British Mail route, via Harwich and the Hook, a daily service now runs, particulars of which, together with an illustrated pamphlet, will be forwarded (free) if you drop a post-card to the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station.

If you are fortunate enough to have a few weeks to spare, you cannot do better than apply to the Passenger Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 67, King William Street, E.C., or 30, Cockspur Street, S.W., for particulars of trips to Australia, Japan, China, or Around the World, by the fast, luxurious route which takes you through some of the grandest scenery of the American Continent, and thence from Vancouver across the sunny Pacific.

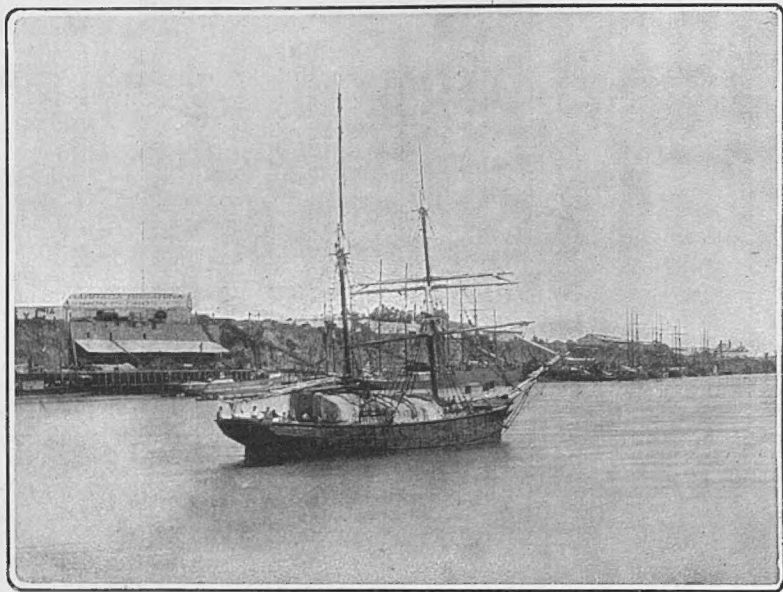
Not all, however, can take a holiday of sufficient length to make it worth their while to journey far from home, though they may be able to snatch an occasional day. One of the most delightful trips imaginable is that run each Thursday by the Great Western Railway Company. Leaving Paddington shortly after ten, Slough is reached in a few minutes, and here carriages are waiting to take the party to Stoke Poges Church, sacred to the memory of the poet Gray, thence to Burnham Beeches and on to Beaconsfield. Lunch is here provided, and then the drive is continued through charming scenery to Chalfont St. Giles and Milton's cottage, thence back to Slough, and Paddington is reached at six, after an exceedingly pleasant day.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 8.

THE OUTLOOK.

THERE is a disease in Uganda, called "sleeping sickness," which is said to carry off large numbers of the natives. If the present state of Stock Exchange business lasts much longer, we fear that the same disease will be fatal to not a few members of the House. Whether the microbe of the Central African complaint



CENTRAL ARGENTINE RAILWAY: GENERAL VIEW OF THE RIVER PARANA, LOOKING UP-STREAM.

has been imported and found a suitable soil in Capel Court we know not, but, at any rate, it looks as if, so far as Stock Exchange business is concerned, "sleeping sickness" has taken a firm hold on speculators and investors alike.

The Settlement has passed off without trouble, money is fairly cheap, the rates for bank deposits are quite unremunerative, and yet in every department the story is "nothing doing."

It is unnecessary to apologise for referring to the Hardebeck and Bornhardt report just issued, as so many of our readers are interested. The actual trading profits are not quite up to last year, but the big debt, about which some shareholders have been uneasy, has been (as we always anticipated) recovered in full, with interest, and the contingency fund will never be called upon to make good a penny, so that, on the whole, the showing, for an admittedly bad year in the jewellery trade, cannot be considered unsatisfactory, and the usual dividend of 8 per cent. will be paid on the Ordinary shares.

HOME RAILS.

The traffic returns for the half-year now nearly complete make a cheerful showing despite the bad weather of early June, yet the public won't buy, and don't seem to care even about the prospects of increased dividends. The truth is that for years Home Rails have been at preposterous prices, yielding about £3 7s. 6d. or £3 10s. on their Ordinary stocks, and the public has at last found out that to ride on the tail of the horse, with all the danger of falling off, for such a reward is really too absurd. Some of the stocks will, at their present prices, probably yield 4 per cent. this year, which is not too big a return for a prudent man to risk his money upon. There may be ups and downs, but if the end of the present stagnation is to put the higher-class Home Railway Ordinary stocks on a 4 per cent. basis, it will show the wisdom of the investor in general, and be a return to sound common-sense.

THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY STOCKS.

It is with sentiments of mild surprise that the believers in electric traction observe how prices of the two principal exponents of the idea as regards railways, have fallen within the last six months. City and South London has suffered somewhat severely, but for this there is justification in the recent decline of traffic receipts, brought about by the competition of the London County Council electric trams in South London. Central London issues are also lower to a lesser degree, to account for which it has been suggested that the very heavy expenditure entailed by the adoption of the new motors has played a part. At any rate, proprietors of the stocks cannot blame the weather, for they have cause to be thankful when it is wet, cold, and miserable, sending travellers to the "Tube" for the most comfortable mode of conveyance. The atmosphere, however, is making daily enemies for the Central London, and one good reason against a purchase of the stock lies in the certainty that, when the District becomes electrified, it will recover a good part of its lost traffic. For we can scarcely conceive that the District Railway's advisers will fail to take steps for the better ventilation of their "Tube" than that which prevails on the Central London. District stock

should be worth buying as a speculation pure and simple, but Metropolitan, standing now at practically the same price as it did six months ago, is a good investment and in time will reach par, even as Waterloo and City Ordinary has done, thanks to the expectation of an improvement upon the 3 per cent. Guaranteed dividend being forthcoming in the near future.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MINING MARKET.

Were it not for the Indian shares dealt in by the Miscellaneous Mining Market, this department would probably die out altogether in eternal sleep, for such, at least, is the appearance presented by the long list of "twopenny-halfpenny" South Africans which have found a resting-place here. It would seem a pity, however, to sell at the present time such gambling counters as Balkis Land, Lisbons, and similar shares, because there can be no doubt that, whenever the other market springs to life, these minor Kaffirs will follow in its train. Indeed, we are not sure that a small purchase of such little South Africans might not be attended with profit if the purchaser has the patience to wait for, perhaps, another year, but he must be prepared to face the chance of reconstructions with their concomitant unpleasantness of assessments in the meantime.

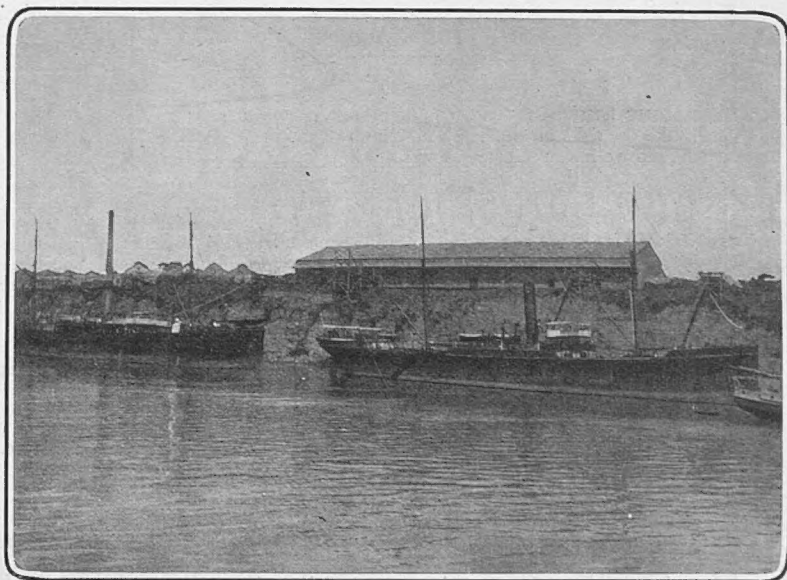
Among the Companies strangely huddled together in the Miscellaneous Mining Market the one which commands almost more respect than any other is the Waihi. The mine is acknowledged by experts to be one of the finest in the world, and this in the sober sense of the word. These shares are held much more by the investor than the speculator, and the return to be obtained at the present price is practically 9 per cent. It is a little singular that the price should not stand higher, but the impression prevails that the dividend will not be increased for some time to come, variously estimated at from six months to two years. Even under these circumstances, the shares look well worth buying as a speculative investment, and those who are not afraid of putting money into Mining properties from which no speedy advance in capital is probable, need have no hesitation in buying Waihi shares. We hope in a short time to give some interesting illustrations of the Waihi Mine.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Unless the sunshine of business is considerably more in evidence during the next six months than it has been through the first half of 1903, some of us will have to make a move towards fresh fields and pastures new. Commissions obstinately refuse to bloom, and turns will not grow in the soil as it is at present. We are becoming as dull as the House of Commons, and almost as unbusiness-like. Why does not Mr. Chamberlain leave off tinkering with revolutionary ideas and allow things to settle down for a time? I confess I have an open mind as regards the newly burning question of Protection *v.* Free Trade. Education by newspaper hardly seems to carry sufficient force of conviction to secure devoted adherence to one side or to the other, and, with all humility, I must admit ignorance of the innumerable side-issues that seem to be necessarily understood if the vital points are to be comprehensively grasped. So it is from no particular bias that I wax impatient with the fidgety statesman who wants to drag us off to some new excitement, although goodness knows that the Government have enough to do as it is to straighten out part of the perplexities which surround their muddle-headed policy. Let the City of Westminster be content to leave the City of London in peace for a while, and as for your politics—well, each of us can supply the word which he considers most suitable in the circumstances. It will be wholesomely strong.

Tenacity of purpose is a most excellent gift, and is embodied in the first two of the trinity of virtues extolled by the hardest worker amongst the Apostles, but when it develops into one atom of a mighty stale bull-account there are some people who want to call it by a different name. Take the case of the Argentine Railway Market as an appropriate illustration. The bull account in such a stock as Roseys is, as a matter of fact, but very slightly reduced as compared with that open during the few hot weeks of boom in Argentine Rails. Apparently these holders, who are content to pay 5½ per cent. or more for carrying-over facilities, rest assured that their property is a good one, and do not intend to sell their stock. This is quite right from their point of view, but it does the market no good to have a huge bull-account contangoed every fortnight, and in this lies the reason for the depression which characterises Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary, in spite of the splendid traffics and the contradiction of locust rumours. I myself am a firm believer in Argentine Rails and in Argentine Bonds as well, but it is useless to blink the obvious staleness of the big



WESTERN OF SANTA FÉ RAILWAY STATION, WITH GRAIN-SHED AND SHOOT.

bull account in the former, and until something has been done to reduce this to moderate dimensions, no particular rise must be anticipated. Hereafter, Roseys will in all probability go to par, but it may be a long time before that takes place, because a large measure of public support must in the first place be accorded to the market in order to neutralise the effect of the stale bulls' holdings.

The rise in North British will, no doubt, be utilised by the Glasgow brigade for the whacking of the Caledonian donkey. Caley Deferred looks cheap at its present price, and there should be a profit of at least a point for the courageous buyer. British are best left alone now, for the canny bulls in the North do not love to follow a rise too far. On its merits, North British Ordinary looks worth 50, but I should hesitate to advise a purchase after its sharp advance. The Home Railway Market is horribly, wickedly dull, and when you reproach a dealer for making you an absurdly wide price, he invariably excuses himself on the ground that there is no market in anything nowadays. That, of course, is a polite little apology which needs to be taken relatively, but, all the same, the state of business in Home Rails is so exceedingly small that the position of a dealer in any of the stocks must be a very trying one.

It is quite nice to see Mr. A. B. Stewart flying about the Kafir Circus once more, and we are all heartily glad that the Committee have recognised the elemental principles of right which dictated his return to the Stock Exchange. And is it not time that our governing body showed in the same way their appreciation of Mr. John Flower's efforts in another direction by readmitting him as well? Whatever may be the upshot of the extradition and other proceedings, it is certain that the Whitaker Wright case would never have been so persistently pursued had it not been for the unflagging efforts of Mr. Flower. The Stock Exchange Committee have all the necessary power and all the requisite reasons: such an act would be less one of generosity than of simple appreciation, and its effect would go far towards dispelling the impression of harshness that clings to the three-month-old Committee.

Hardly a week passes that does not bring back from the Transvaal a number of men whom one knows who have been out since the War with a view to business ends. One well-known merchant, who purposely went to South Africa in order to acquire information which would be useful speculatively, tells me that there is nothing wrong with the industry *qua* industry. He says that even during the few weeks of his stay in Johannesburg the temper of the multitude underwent a change. Whereas, upon his arrival everyone was bitterly certain that Chinese labour would never be allowed by the populace, this feeling had already given way to a kind of sullen acquiescence in what many had come to regard as practically inevitable. He amply confirmed the views that the mining magnates held the whole position in their own hands, and he declared that the end of the majority was their pockets, and their pockets alone. I asked if he could tell me the real truth about the native difficulty: did the scarcity actually exist, or was it being fostered by those who have set their whole heart on Chinese or coolie workers? He said he was entirely at sea on this point, and that, try as he might while on the spot, the assurances on both sides were so emphatic and so contradictory that it was impossible to form a reliable opinion out of the mouth of such witnesses. But of the future of the industry and of the market he had no fear. There would be a tremendous boom when it suited the big houses to make a start, and any of the sound Kafir shares could now be bought with impunity. Here, then, is consolation for the tired shareholders in Kafir Companies, of which weary ones there are, alas, a numberless host.

A tip to my Stock Exchange readers. When they are thinking of their holidays, let them go to the waiter in the Stock Exchange Reading-room for their railway tickets and information. They will save themselves a lot of trouble, and find themselves treated with a civility and attention far removed from the off-handed indifference of the busy tourist-office clerk. *Experientia docet*, and one who has had experience of both treatments is your humble, holiday-seeking servant,

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, June 27, 1903.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STRAIGHT SHOT.—(1) We consider Liptons Ordinary at about their value. If you will take the risks of trade, you may hold them. (2) The Whisky Company is purely Irish, and we have no information as to how it is doing. The Irish trade is said to be improving, and the Company is certainly a good one.

P. I.—Your letter was fully answered on the 25th ult.

DOUBTFUL.—Liberian bonds are, of course, a speculative—very speculative—investment. If the development of the country is a success, a purchase would probably be profitable. We expect the interest will be paid and the sinking fund commenced next year. The security for the interest is, besides the general revenue, a special hypothecation of a tax of 6 cents per pound on rubber, and half the tobacco and powder duties.

M. F. (Arnheim).—Your letter has been answered as fully as possible.

M. A. H.—We sent you all the information we have been able to obtain on the 23rd ult.

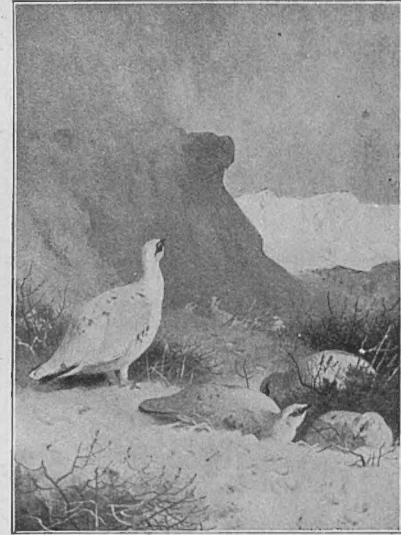
D. H.—We have sent you the broker's name and address. As to Kaffirs, we suggest for your purpose Rand Mines, Knights, New Goch, or Glen Deep. The life of the Mysore Mine is bounded only by the depth at which the gold may go down and be payable.

F. H. E.—We cannot advise, as we have no reliable information.

We have received from the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company a very well got-up descriptive catalogue giving interesting details of the recent extensions and improvements, and any reader can obtain the same from the Company by asking for it.

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The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

July 1, 1903.

Signature.....